

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XI.—No. 281.

[REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, MAY 24th, 1902.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.  
BY POST, 6½d.]



RICHARD N. SPEAIGHT

THE HON. MRS. CHARLES FORESTER AND CHILD.

173, Regent Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

## SALMON GROWTH ... .. AT SEA.

EARL GREY encloses in a letter to the *Times* fresh and conclusive evidence of the astonishing rate at which salmon grow in the sea. The American Fisheries Department, who are working successfully to make up for the capture of a hundred million pounds' weight annually of unspawned fish on the Pacific Coast, wished to discover, what everyone interested in salmon wants to know, the rate of growth of salmon after they enter the sea. They had a far better chance than anyone in England, because of the scale on which they breed fish and the size of their rivers. You have far more chance of recovering marked fish when you turn them out in thousands, and catch salmon of all kinds in hundreds of thousands, than on our little rivers.

The commissioners marked 5,000 "fingerling" smolts, or rather parr, by cutting off a fin with a razor, and then turned them into the great river Columbia to take their chance. Two years later 375 of the fish were caught in the Columbia, weighing on an average 27½ lb. Next year between forty and fifty others were taken, which weighed on an average 37½ lb. The commissioners note that the economic result was a profit of 1,000 per cent. on their own operations, including pensions for permanent employes.

The catching of British salmon with the rod will probably remain only the sport of the rich until we have stocked all our rivers as the Americans have done theirs. But so long as the very few facts really known about the fish remain private property also, no body of feeling strong enough to favour their increase is probable.

The difficulty about them is that though they force their way up to the very heads of rivers to spawn, and the parr, which are uncommonly like trout, are as common as sparrows, when they do go down to the sea we lose sight of them as completely as if they were on a cruise to another planet. The natural experiment to make is to mark the smolts before they go down, and to identify them when they return; but in this country so very few do return that this has not been very fruitful in results. Another plan is to catch the salmon after their first return to the river and then mark them, at which stage they are called "grilse" in Scotland and "peel" in England. The Duke of Atholl and Mr. Young of Invershin were among the first to

learn much from this. Mr. Young says: "We marked spawned grilse as near as we could get to 4 lb. in weight. These we had no trouble in getting in a net in the pool below the spawning-beds, where they had assembled to rest after the fatigues of depositing their seed. All the fish above 4 lb. in weight, as well as any under that size, were marked with copper rings inserted into various parts of their fins. This was done in a manner so as not to interfere with their swimming operations. After their journey to the sea we found that the 4 lb. grilse had grown into beautiful salmon ranging from 9 lb. to 14 lb. in weight. I repeated this experiment for several years, and on the whole found the results the same, and, as in the former marking, found the majority returning in about eight weeks. We have never found a marked grilse go to sea and return a grilse. They have invariably returned salmon." The passages in italics are not so in the original, but they contain the most important points in this very lucid experiment. The fish came back to the river as full-grown salmon in two months, and in that time they had grown roughly from one-half to more than treble their weight when marked. Let us take the fish which returned in eight weeks with an increase of from 4 lb. to 12 lb. net weight, and try to trace his history. It is an instance not only of astonishing particular growth, but of wonderful fecundity. For the fish comes to the river to spawn (by hypothesis, any way), so it spawns as a 4 lb. grilse, grows two-thirds larger, and is back again to spawn all within, let us say, eleven weeks, allowing the grilse three weeks to run up from the sea and get its spawn shed. We think it probable that they do come up within the eight weeks to spawn again from an experience of the Duke of Atholl, who took most elaborate precautions in marking and recording fish. He caught and marked a kelt (or spent fish) above Dunkeld Bridge, forty miles from the sea, marked it, and turned it down to make the best of its way back to salt water. It then weighed 10 lb. exactly. Thirty-seven days (two days over five weeks) later he caught the same fish, fresh run, and back from the sea. It then weighed 21½ lb. In other words, it had been down to the sea and back (eighty miles), and had put on more than as much as its previous weight in just over five weeks, from which must be deducted the loss of weight since its entry into fresh water. Such a wonderful increase in bodily size would certainly allow the process of reproduction to be repeated rapidly. It is only the creatures that cannot recuperate in this way which have a natural limit to their power of reproduction. These experiments also look from a more scientific point of view on the double entry of fish into the rivers yearly, the "spring run" and "autumn run" of the salmon. If the fish were only about the same size on each visit it would be difficult to explain it. No one would expect them to return within a few months after such exhausting efforts. But the salmon which does return is clearly by then a different fish, literally speaking. Some, of course, for various reasons linger in the rivers, and do not undergo this astonishing change in time to return the same season. The danger of being cocksure that salmon do not do this or that was shown rather neatly the other day. Last spring a first-class sportsman, who had fished all his life, and knew the river thoroughly, was discoursing with the water-bailiff of a well-known northern river on the familiar topic of the object of the two "runs" of salmon, which, by the way, are so much regarded from the fishermen's point of view as perhaps to obscure their appreciation of what the salmon may think about it. But both were agreed that whereas in the autumn the cock fish were red and had all the marks of "breeding colour about them," they had not this appearance in the spring. Close by were some salmon traps, and the keeper said that in them he had never seen a red fish in spring. "Well, let us go and look now," said the other, and they walked across by way of confirming their joint view. In the trap was one fish, a cock fish, and he was red!

In the above nothing has been said as to the probable rate of growth of the fish from the time they first reach the sea as smolts, till their return as grilse of about 4 lb.; but in an old number of the *Scots Magazine*, quoted by Mr. J. G. Bertram in his "Harvest of the Sea," where Mr. Young's and the Duke's experiments are also recorded, the following story is told: "Some men caught a lot of smolts in a net on the Spey and wanted to keep them. A gentleman present urged them not to, and betted another person present five guineas that if they were marked so as they might be identified some would be caught within two months as full-grown grilse. This was done, and a large number were caught as grilse within the specified time."

### Our Portrait Illustrations.

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Cecil Orlando Weld Forester, of The Crossways, Sunninghill, Ascot, with her son Raymond Cecil. Her husband is the second son of Lord Forester. Elsewhere will be found a picture of Lady St. Oswald, daughter of Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., of Newe, with her little daughter and son.



IF the British Empire possessed a Temple of Janus, of which the doors were closed in time of peace, those doors would always be more or less ajar, for in some part of an Empire such as this, to which that of Rome was not so much as a circumstance, there is always a war, or a sort of a war, going on. Just at present, however, the door would be opened very widely, for, the Lord Chancellor notwithstanding, the South African War has been a very real affair, and, when the inestimable blessing of peace has been obtained, it will be a great relief to this country and to the world. Are the omens favourable or the reverse? On the whole, the probability is that they are favourable, for it is at least clear that there have been points upon which Lord Milner has deemed it worth while to consult the Home Government. As for the reports, whether of continental or home growth, which profess special knowledge, they may safely be ascribed to imagination and to an exercise of the process of inference. Our part is to hope that the Boers, and Free Staters, who are far more irreconcilable, may have realised at last that hopelessness of their position which has long been patent to the rest of the world.

To the very prevalent disposition to complain that our authorities have been exceptionally remiss in the matter of hospital arrangements, and that the losses from disease during the campaign have been what the ignorant conveniently call phenomenal, a correspondent of a contemporary supplies a useful corrective. The South African War has already lasted thirty months, the Russo-Turkish War lasted about eighteen months, and the Russians employed, as nearly as may be, twice as many men as we have employed. Of these 51,000 were lost from the Army of the Danube by disease, while 37,000 men of the Army of the Caucasus perished in the same manner. Our losses from disease have been not nearly as great in proportion. This is not, of course, to say that our hospital arrangements are perfect, or that Army surgeons are the cream of their profession. They are not, and never will be until their position is greatly improved, so that a better class of practitioner may be attracted. But at the worst we are as well equipped as our neighbours.

Very great surprise and regret is being expressed by the Scotch friends of Lord Hopetoun at his resignation of the post of Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia. There never was a more popular peer in the North, and his advance from office to office has been watched with affectionate pride by his fellow-countrymen. It has been a brilliant career, too. At twenty-seven he was Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and shortly afterwards he became Governor of Victoria, and he has also been Paymaster-General and Lord Chancellor of the Household. In Australia he was as much liked as in his own country, and the story of his resignation does not seem to be fully told in the published correspondence. It is not fair to expect a private subject of the King not only to give his time and energy fully to the public service, but also to expend a good portion of his income in public entertainment. As representing the King he is bound to conduct his functions on a scale worthy of the position, and one cannot understand why the extra £8,000 was refused him. Do the Colonials not approve of ceremonies of State? His hospitality to the Royal tourists last year must also have been a tax on his income.

It is not strange, perhaps, that the Spanish Coronation should produce a recrudescence of Anarchist activity, or that, at the same time when a plot against the young King of Spain has happily been nipped in the bud, traces should have been discovered of similar designs in Austria. What is strange is the complacency of the English people and of the English law concerning Anarchists. Within the last twenty-one years one Czar, two Presidents of the United States, one President of the French Republic, one King of Italy, one Shah, and one Empress of Austria have been assassinated, and thirteen murderous

attempts have been made upon Royal personages, mostly by known Anarchists. For them England remains an asylum because, forsooth, their crimes are called political. A visit to an Anarchist club in Soho, such as the writer paid a few years since, would soon serve to convince any sentimentalist of the folly of his sentimentality.

With the consummation of the peace which we all profoundly hope to be in prospect, a considerable number of men who have proved themselves beyond question the finest irregular cavalry in the world will be added to the population of the British Empire. It is not the first time in history that the Dutch have formed a portion of a great Empire, and we have some reason to hope that the prospective addition to our forces will be not less valuable to us than were the ancient Dutch to the Old World Empire at Rome. At the battle of Pharsalia it is said to have been the Batavian cavalry that turned the day in favour of Julius Cæsar, thereby exercising who shall say how far-reaching an influence on the history of the world. There have been many evils in this present war, but there has been some good arising from it, and amongst the good is to be reckoned the immensely improved feeling towards each other, the wonderfully increased mutual respect of Boer and Briton. We can imagine no other means by which the ignorant contempt of the Boer for the British soldier could have been converted into the existing relatively satisfactory sentiment than the appeal to arms which Mr. Kruger and his coterie forced upon both nations. History has a way of repeating itself, and in the future it is possible that we may see a troop of Dutch cavalry doing for us a yeoman's service—even as the Batavians did for the Roman Empire.

Sir William Vincent, as Vice-Chairman of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, draws attention, none too soon, to the danger which the Coronation brings to the none too numerous trees of London. "If people would only realise what slow and difficult work it is to replace well-established trees in London, I am sure their guardians would not damage those that exist even for the sake of a slight addition to public accommodation on this particular occasion." We agree—everybody agrees—but what can be expected of private persons when trees are mauled by public bodies as the plane trees near Westminster Abbey have been. They have been subjected to a kind of half-hearted pollarding so that spurs of a yard or two in length project from trunks hedged in by the framework of grand stands. If they survive they can never look like trees again. It would really have been better, if they could not be preserved, to do away with them altogether, and start fresh at the next planting season.

The Prince of Wales, although he is hardly likely at any time to emulate his first cousin the German Emperor in the number and variety of his costumes, donned a new uniform last week, and looked uncommonly well in it. It was that of Colonel Willoughby Wallace's regiment of Imperial Yeomanry, the King's Colonials, which is to have a place of special honour assigned to it in connection with the Coronation processions. Greenish khaki, a curious steeple-crowned but slouched hat with a scarlet aigrette, field boots of brown leather, and the equipment invented by the colonel of the regiment, combine smartness and workmanlike character in a very desirable fashion. The occasion was that of the opening of a new Drill Hall in Chelsea, and the Heir Apparent, who made a stirring speech to the newly-enrolled men (most of whom wore medals), looked every inch a soldier in his new attire.

Australian lady teachers are now to be imported into South Africa by way of convincing the Boers, and particularly the Boer mothers, that Great Britain is not a hard mistress. Some Canadian teachers are, we believe, already engaged on the same mission, and emphatically it is a good one. For to people of the Boer temperament there is nothing so valuable as an object-lesson, and if they could but realise what England and England's rule means, and the kind of men and women that they produce, submission would lose much of its bitterness. This may perhaps be a convenient opportunity for stating a fact which has been known to us for many months. It is that, with a view to showing what England really is like, a large number of copies of *COUNTRY LIFE* have been circulated official'y in the concentration camps among the young. That too was a brilliant idea, albeit not suggested by us; for certainly *COUNTRY LIFE* does enable the reader to realise the brightest side of life in the Mother Country.

Most earnestly it is to be hoped that Mr. E. N. Buxton's appeal to the Corporation of the City and to the public in connection with his proposed extension of Epping Forest may be successful. Being a practical man, he does not come forward with a vague suggestion for extension and a general appeal for funds, but has taken the preliminary and troublesome steps already. He is able to say in effect "Here is a tract of 800 acres,

admirably situated for addition to the forest, and containing Lambourne Forest, which can be secured for the public for ever for £20,000. Under the advice of the Common's Preservation Society I have entered into preliminary and tentative treaty with the owners. It is for you and the public to avail yourselves of the result of my labours." The appeal, or rather the offer, will surely not be in vain. It certainly contrasts very favourably with the electioneering schemes of would-be County Councillors who have been heard to prattle of surrounding London with a green zone half a mile wide, or maybe a mile, at the expense of the ratepayers.

It gives us much pleasure to announce that the first volume of fiction in the COUNTRY LIFE Library, from the pen of Mrs. Blundell (M. E. Francis), will be published next week by Messrs. George Newnes. The series will be entitled "North, South, and Over the Sea," and Mrs. Blundell's contribution is in the best manner of the distinguished author of "Pastorals of Dorset" and "Fiander's Widow," whose intimate knowledge of the ways and the characters of the rustic folk of England is fortunately familiar to our readers.

#### IN SPRING.

The month that filled the dyke,  
Bright or dark,  
Rained on the fields alike  
Many a lark.  
Bold March, of many weathers,\*  
Brings to bower  
The singing folk in feathers,  
Shower on shower.  
April, in rain and sun,  
Swallows come.  
The cuckoo is not done  
Dawn to gloam.  
In May the nightingale  
Sings his fill,  
All night o'er hill and vale  
Is not still.  
Blackbird and thrush and linnet  
Sing their best.  
O Life! keep me this minute,  
Take the rest!

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Farmers are now feeling much anxiety on account of the prolonged cold of May, which is beginning not only to retard the green crops, but in some cases to destroy them. Young corn in a few cases is assuming that blighted yellow appearance which is the result of continuous frosts, and a prolongation of this weather will be ruinous. Pedigree stock is also being kept backward. The owner of one of the best Shire studs in the country informs the writer that his foals never were in a less favourable condition. It is his custom to turn dam and offspring into the meadows as soon as possible after foaling has been accomplished, but this has not been possible, and the young things when confined in a yard do not make that splendid start which is essential to success in the showyard. The weather-wise are not much disturbed about the present, but they look forward very gloomily to the future, it being a matter of experience with them that a cold, broken May generally means a bad year altogether. In old times the badness of the harvest was generally atoned for in some degree by an enhancement of prices, but the farmer of to-day is aware that however bad the English harvest may be the importation of grain will keep it down to a low level of cheapness.

The only consolation lies in the value of stock. Cattle at country markets have not been selling better for many a long day. The writer had occasion to attend a sale last Saturday. The stock was not special in any way, but purely commercial animals produced on the farm. Ewes and double lambs brought 50s.; ewes alone from 35s. to 41s.; grazing cattle from £8 10s to £12. Much is added to the significance of these figures by the fact that the purchases are made in the teeth of a shortness of grass due to the cold spring. Buyers are calculating on a continuation of the present high price of meat, and, as far as one can judge, they are perfectly safe. Australia has had an extremely bad lambing season, which must considerably lower the export of mutton, and the American Beef Trust is undoubtedly affecting the price in this country. While the outlook for grain farmers is gloomier than it was before, it would appear that stock breeders are about to have an opportunity of doing better than they have done for many years past.

A Berkshire correspondent, an amateur of gardening, writes: "Surely May never opened and ran half her course in a mood more grim and wintry than during the present year. Hard night frosts, tearing gales of wind, casting the blossom in all directions and bruising the leaves of the trees while they were tender and immature, have made a most unkind combination. My roses

have suffered a little, but not so much as those of some of my friends in rose-growing Hertfordshire; for there trees which seemed to have survived the trials of winter have succumbed under the rigours of that which is called spring. 'The disease,' which I firmly believe to be simply the effect of frost, is rampant among the Virgin Mary lilies which stand in the open, whereas those which are sheltered have escaped. The outlook has seemed hopeless for, why one knows not, Æolus has contrived that the winds from south and west should not be less bitter and biting than those from north and east; and yet, somehow or other, one knows that the garden will smile later."

Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, a real authority, preaches a comforting doctrine in the *Garden*, using for text a statement made by Professor Hartig. It is: "The hereditary transference of diseases to succeeding generations is unknown in the vegetable world. The seed of plants affected with all possible sorts of diseases may be utilised without the slightest concern for the formation of seed crops." If this be true—and Mr. Wallace believes it to be in accordance with the general principles of evolution—it is grand news. But we are not quite sure of the soundness of Mr. Wallace's argument, and for that reason we analyse it in the following note.

It runs thus: "Recent research tends to show that, although the tendency to disease may be transmissible by heredity amongst animals, diseases themselves are not transmissible. Of course if a mother gives birth to a child while she has scarlet fever or small-pox she may infect the otherwise healthy child as she might infect anybody else who came near her. Amongst animals 'all liability to disease has been so constantly eliminated' by the 'extinction of the unfittest,' . . . 'that almost perfect health under the normal conditions of existence has long since been attained.' And the law operates with infinitely greater severity in the vegetable world, so that 'all tendency to injurious disease would be eradicated among plants even more completely than in the case of animals.' Most sincerely do we hope that this is right, but across the brightness of that hope creeps the shadow of the memories of many generations of hollyhocks, grown from seed, which have gone wrong in the same way; and at the same time we reflect that Mr. Wallace's argument is drawn from the presumed behaviour of plants in a state of nature. In spite of it, we shall still endeavour to obtain hollyhock seed from undiseased plants in gardens which the disease has never visited.

A communication from Mr. Arthur J. Evans to the *Times*, concerning the further results of his explorations at Knossos, in Crete, clearly proves that there is nothing new under the sun. He has found upwards of 100 clay tablets, dealing with accounts, in which the decimal system and percentages are frequently in evidence. He has found the impressions of the Royal signet ring and the counterfeit matrix of the same ring. He has discovered frescoes of "an elegant lady in a yellow jacket and light chemise," and spirited frescoes of a bull-fight. Finally, in one corner have been unearthed "three-storied houses (some of the semi-detached class showing contiguous doorways) with windows of four panes, or double windows of three panes each, which seem to show that the inmates of the houses had actually some substitute for glass." This is not so bad for the age of Minos, which was quite a long time ago.

"Killarney has been the scene of yet another boating disaster, and the fact is really not at all surprising." So writes a correspondent, who continues: "Last time I ventured upon those beautiful waters was when the Duke and Duchess of York, as they then were, were the guests of Lord Kenmare and were making the regulation trip to Derricunihy. My wife, a French friend, and I hired a boat in the ordinary way—it was a mere cockle-shell—and two boatmen, mere boys, were told off to take charge of us. Quite suddenly, as often happens in mountainous regions, it came on to blow, and the short sea which arose in a brief space of time was emphatically one of the worst and most dangerous that I have ever encountered. It I had not been brought up to the sea our boat would certainly have been capsized, for the boatmen were not strong enough to be of any use. Killarney lakes are smiling, but their smile is very treacherous, and by no means to be trifled with."

It is to be feared that this cold, wet, and in some places snowy weather, will be very hard on the nesting grouse. From March in England to June in the North of Scotland we may, perhaps, say that the grouse is at its nesting business, or rather at its egg laying, for it does not bother to make much of a nest. The grouse is a good and hardy mother, but the eggs are delicate and very sensitive to wet, and so, too, are the young when newly hatched. Many an egg, it is to be feared, will have been spoiled this year, and the cost per head of grouse shot may be heavy on the big-rented moors this autumn.

This is just about the season when the trout fisher, taking all the country over, and not the dry-fly streams in particular, ought to be enjoying the best of his sport. But at the moment of writing the days are passing with cold and strong north-easterly winds and showers of rain and hail in which neither fly nor fish can be expected to rise, and the angler is forced to find more of his recreation in the practice of contemplation than

he cares about. We all hope, however, that there is a good time coming, for the showers are keeping the water to a good level. In Norway there is every prospect of a "big water" year, in great and blessed contrast to the drought of last season, for the news is that the winter has been more severe than has been known for many years, with a great deal of snow that will keep the rivers at a good fishing height for many a month.

## NESTS IN THE GARDEN.

IN one place the west wall of the garden leans back a little that the pear tree may support itself comfortably upon it. The dull red brick looks through the piles of snowy blossom that are just now massed upon the fruit tree's spreading branches. The wide base of the wall forms a tiny flight of moss-grown stairs (so are the bricks laid). The light lies warm upon them; little violets growing in chinks of the mortar peer up at the sun through the leafy screen, and dandelions stand, tall on the tiny steps, spreading out their golden fronds to the utmost limit. There is a movable step in the little staircase which covers the nursery of a titmouse family. When one lifts it, six pairs of unwinking black eyes look forth wonderingly into the light-filled, blossoming world they are so soon to enter. In a yew, sheltered by another wall of the garden, a goldcrest last year built her nest; it was made of fine moss and the downy wrappings in which lady spiders enfold their eggs, woven together with spiders' webs; it was lined with softest, smallest feathers, and suspended to a slender bough by strong horse-hairs. It fitted—this nursery—into the hollow of one's hand, and eight narrow beaks and eight pairs of incapable legs were contained therein.

Now, what was there in that sunny weather, when the brown hay stood ready for the scythe and the fruit was swelling in the orchard, to warn a wren against slinging her cradle to a bough that would sway with every passing breeze? She only thought of the pleasure it would give her babies to feel thus continually the stir of the branches. Why should she dream of such a calamity as a gale in June? But a gale came, and all one night blew deep and loud; and before morning dawned one of the cables sustaining the nursery broke, and seven little yellow heads were dashed to destruction on the stony path below. As for the eighth nestling, its end was even more harrowing. Entangled in one of the horse-hairs, he was hung in



Newman. BLUE TITS LEAVING THEIR NEST. Copyright

the very rope intended to uphold him until all his tiny quills had opened into plumes.

A house-martin chose a spot on a wall of the house facing south, and set to work to plaster mud on the rough bricks just below the eaves. This plastering was by no means an easy matter. The pond was close at hand, to be sure, but the hot sun had baked the soil hard to the water's edge, and in order to obtain mud Mrs. Martin had perforce to stand in the water and fill her beak from the mire under her feet. To so small a creature, with such very short legs, it will be understood that this was procuring building material under difficult circumstances. To make it hold together when procured was more difficult still, for, coming straight from the water, it was naturally loose and decomposed. The little architect would hover round, impatiently waiting until the sun's heat should make her work secure. How often did her impatience get the better of her when, arriving with more clay, she would dash the first fruits of her labour to the ground by the weight of her slender form.

Eventually she learned by experience to lengthen the intervals between each addition of clay, and hour by hour the little projection grew upon the wall. Three of the walls were built when she folded her weary wings in the evening, but had she listened to the swifts she might have been prepared for the further trial that awaited her before that house was to be completed. Her black friends shrieked warningly round the chimneys until long after sundown, and when they at last hurled themselves to roost under the thatch, according to their own boisterous fashion, lightning was already flickering among the clouds.

When the stars should have been bright, only heavy darkness wrapped up all things. But presently a great light sprang out of the heavens, showing the world blue and still, the trees standing stiffly in the hollow shining horizon, a deep wild sky spread low over the house; then the blackness



T. A. Metcalf.

ROBIN FEEDING YOUNG.

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leaped up again over the crumpled roofs, and dropped down from the firmament.

Between that time and the dawn the thunder rolled incessantly, every peal echoing far in the empty caverns of the sky; the lightning rushed over the limes in golden ribands and went out against the window-panes. Sometimes, when the loud voice overhead made her every wall ring, the Manor House quivered like a living thing afraid. At daybreak the echoes died away, and the tired earth drank gratefully of the rain. This rain was badly needed, and all would have been well had not a wind arisen to dispute with it. As it was, the rain would seem to be trying to drown the wind and the wind to drive back the rain. They tore over the garden and went into the limes with a noise as of sea-breakers; they wrestled among the rose bushes, sending showers of petals earthwards.

All was calm again by the time lazy folk opened their eyes, and everyone spoke of the good the storm had done. A few lamented the roses; and I bent my steps with misgiving to the south wall. Alas! for the little edifice under the eaves. The three painfully built-up walls lay in fragments on the path. Nothing remained of the nest which was intended to-day to receive the first egg—nothing except the foundation. But—hear and learn of a bird—clinging to the foundation with feverishly tight claws was Mrs. Martin, not holding an "at home" this time, but plastering again with undaunted energy. She plastered to such purpose, and timed her intervals to allow the sun's heat to do its work with such exactitude, that by nightfall she was able to ensconce herself in her own homestead.

Beyond the laurel bush and the door beside it is a rambling continuation of the west wall. Parting the ivy piled upon it, one peeps into quite a remote bit of the garden, where little beings crawl about a world of their own, in a subdued light, among thick vistas of shady stems, as secluded in their deep green ivy country as deer in the forest brake.

Into this sequestered region the birds, however, are fond of



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.D.

### THRUSHES.

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intruding, and many feathered families are yearly launched into the world from it—robins, pied wagtails, and spotted flycatchers, all building in close proximity as friendly neighbours should, and waging a united warfare against the insect creation. They destroy hundreds of thousands of insects, and the Manor House garden owes them a debt of gratitude.

In a mature and thriving pear tree, which energetically grips the wall dividing the kitchen garden, a thrush built her nest, reared four fat children, and led them, in due course, to the strawberry bed, there to feast while she herself kept a look-out for the cat in the broken-backed apple tree. She left her firm, hard nest very tidy, according to family tradition; it had the inviting appearance of "a house to let," and a sensible robin took possession of it forthwith, furnished it with her own comfortable warm round cradle, and securely hatched her five eggs therein.

Titmice make their homes in the passages and caverns of the west wall; swallows build on every available rafter; nobody has ever attempted to count the sparrows' and starlings' nests in the ivy against the house itself—such a task would be hard to fulfil.

MADGE BLUNDELL.



Mexcal. MISSEL-THRUSH BROODING YOUNG. Copyright

## THE SALONS.

NEITHER of the Salons shows work of extraordinary merit this year, but the Société Nationale still holds the first place for the high average of good pictures. No society is so representative of the various tendencies and characteristics of the art of all nationalities as this; no committee shows such taste in the selection and hanging of its exhibitions, and nowhere will be found gathered together so much talent and masterly execution. Pictures come to this centre from all parts of the world, and sunny southern scenes hang beside the chill effects of ice and snow from Norway and Sweden.

At the old Salon it is different. The work is more academic, a larger number of pictures is shown, and the good ones have to be carefully sought through the forty rooms of more or less indifferent exhibits. It is, nevertheless, interesting to notice the influence that the younger school has had on the older. There is a conspicuous decrease in the number of classic and historic pictures during the last few years, and the blood and horror subjects, that used to be depicted on 12ft. canvases, are now rarely seen. With the exception of the one small picture by Gérôme, representing the Roman arena as the lions and tigers are leaving it, strewn with dead and mutilated bodies, there is nothing of this description throughout the forty rooms. But if there is an improvement in the choice of subjects in the old school of painters, amongst the sculptors there is a marked decline. Here we find a most lamentable tendency towards the anecdote in marble. The anecdote picture is bad enough, but when the artist makes it his business to degrade sculpture—the most austere, the most grave, and the most classic of all the arts—to the level of the chromo-lithograph, then indeed we have cause for uneasiness. There are, however, apart from these objectionable works, several groups of animals in marble executed with the greatest skill; such, for instance, is the group of young bears by M. Mengin, M. Gardet's "Chien danois," and M. Mansion's "Tigresse." Whilst on the subject of sculpture we must note the three life-sized figures to be seen towering above everything at the entrance to the new Salon. These are the figures designed to surmount M. Rodin's celebrated "Porte le L'Enfer," the colossal work which he has been engaged upon for so many years. The figures are called "Ombres," and are full of mysterious suggestion. They are powerfully modelled, and the rich forms and boldness of the movement recall some of the work of the great Renaissance sculptor. Rodin alone nowadays is able to show what dignity, strength, mystery, and life can be infused into marble, and it is to be hoped that the placing of his fine statue of St. John in the South Kensington Museum will have some influence for good on our English sculpture.

But it is time we left the sculpture, so well arranged amongst the palms and shrubs below, for the pictures on view on the second floor. We have already said that there is no canvas of overwhelming power, none which attracts us in spite of ourselves; but, on the other hand, there are many excellent and fascinating pictures. Some of the best amongst these are M. Cottet's Brittany coast scenes. In the centre of his panel hangs the large canvas "Messe Basse en hiver" (Bretagne). Here we have a small village church silhouetted against a stormy sea; an old windmill to the right, and a few straggling white cottages near, only add to the loneliness of the spot. Cloaked figures, in the distance, are hurrying along the road to the church, and a few stragglers in the foreground make the test of their way in haste before the on-coming storm. Though the scene is a simple one, and one that might be seen every morning on the Brittany coast, M. Cottet, by the force and restraint of his art, has succeeded in making a most dramatic, impressive picture. We feel the salt wind blowing in our faces as we hurry along that bleak stony road; we are conscious of the rough simple lives of these people, constantly battling against the rude forces of nature. And, in addition to the dramatic and human interest of the subject, the picture offers æsthetic satisfactions of no mean order. It is boldly conceived and painted. The break in the heavy grey sky, the reflection of the light on the sea, the distant low coast-line, the great stone walls along the roads, are all most truthfully observed and rendered. Last year, in his picture of the eve of St. Jean, M. Cottet showed that he could treat a romantic night scene with poetry and charm. This year he shows that he can also paint an ordinary subject, under a commonplace morning light, and infuse it with so much dramatic power and beauty that we are forced to admit that he has again given us a picture full of the intense poetry and life of the Brittany fisherfolk. In one of his smaller subjects to the right, "La Crique," M. Cottet shows his faculties as the painter of pure landscape. This is a wonderful picture of a storm in a creek. When you look close into the canvas there are but a few bold brush strokes, but in the distance these strokes convey the impression of a raging storm over perfectly modelled cliffs and a moving sea. M. Cottet's technical ability reveals itself to an astonishing degree in this little work.

Coast and sea seem to have an untiring charm for painters nowadays. M. Tattegrin has allowed himself to be lured on to midnight seas to paint the "Pêche du hareng." This is one of the few original and interesting works to be seen in the old Salon. He has taken the scene from the deck of a fishing boat. We see the fishermen standing in their sou'westers, drawing in their nets; two swinging lanterns hang from the rigging and light up the figures against the night sky; the fish fall and fly everywhere; into the hold of the boat, on to the deck, into every crevice, in a shimmer of silver and gold. The scene is full of actuality and life, and M. Tattegrin may be heartily congratulated on his success with an exceedingly difficult subject.

But to turn to a picture of a very different order, though to one which is equally prominent in the old Salon, Mlle. Dufau's "Automne." This is a charming, half romantic, half classic panel. In a landscape full of sunshine, blue mountains, and luxuriant foliage, two nude figures are grouped round a marble fountain. The woman is lying asleep and the man behind holds up a large bunch of white grapes, heaps of grapes and pomegranates are scattered about, and the whole landscape conveys an admirable impression of the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." Mlle. Dufau made a success in last year's Salon, and her picture this year, if it shows no progress, at least shows no signs of falling off from the promise of last year.

M. Le Sidaner again sends examples of his evening and moonlight effects. Parisians complain that for the last six years he has painted nothing but the fronts of houses or quiet village streets; but so long as he paints them with that sense of restful calm, that peculiar *savoir*, so entirely his own, we shall not complain. Of the six pictures he sends this year, "La Table" is the most charming. Imagine a quiet garden or courtyard; the lights in the house at the back are just beginning to shine out of the twilight. In front, on the left, is a table spread with fruits, decanters, and glasses; two or three chairs have just been pushed back from the table, and the lamp throws a soft pale light on the white cloth, the fruits and other objects around. The quiet intimacy of the scene has a beauty and poetry quite its own. We feel we have been allowed to glimpse at some simple French home, quiet and refined, in the depth of a country seclusion.

Another charming evening subject is M. Duhem's "Mise au Parc." This is a scene on the open downs by moonlight. A shepherd is driving his flock into the fold for the night under a moonlight sky full of exquisite colours. M. Duhem is remarkably successful in the painting of sheep by moonlight, and this canvas adds one more to the number of his beautifully mysterious night scenes.

From the variety of good portraits exhibited in both Salons we must cite, above all, M. Besnard's M. le Baron Denys Cochin, M. E. Blanche's Paul

Adam and the artist Charles Cottet, Mile. Klumpke's Rosa Bonheur, at her easel in blouse and trousers, and M. Benjamin Constant's two excellent likenesses of Lord Savile and Mr. Blowitz, the well-known Paris correspondent of the Times.

## FROM THE PAVILION.

FIRST impressions are not always incorrect, but one cannot help fancying from what we have as yet seen of the Australians that we have somewhat underrated their powers. County teams and representative teams are, of course, very different things, and against Grace's mixed eleven the Australians had rather the worst of the tussle as far as it went. But there has been a rather complacent feeling abroad to the effect that on English wickets and in English weather we might find that the Australian armour had its vulnerable joints, especially in the matter of batting. Our surmise, however, has not been brilliantly correct; perhaps the wish was too intimately related to the thought; but the fact remains that not only has the Australian bowling thoroughly asserted itself, as was to be expected, but also the Australian batting has shown an unsuspected skill and resource, and a ubiquity for which we did not give it credit. It is true that some of the crack batsmen have not come off, but they are probably only hiding their time, for as to their ability there can be no doubt, while of the smaller lights—if there are any smaller lights—several have shown that they are capable of making runs on English wickets, and, what is more, of making them smartly and well, whereas the popular id was that slow and dull cricket would be the order of the day. That idea has been completely dispelled. As to the bowling, conception was abroad that we should see nothing better than in 1899, and perhaps something worse; but we have not. The old hands seem to have retained their form, and the new hands, Armstrong and Saunders, to be as capable as anyone, while perhaps Trumper, who bowled but little during the last visit, should be included among the new hands on the strength of his bowling at Leyton. Let it not be forgotten either that Jones has had no fair chance on the slippery pitches that have prevailed, and that the enforced absence of Trumble has considerably weakened the attack at a time when he might have been expected to be the most difficult bowler on the side. Hence any visionaries who were anticipating "walks over" for All England teams and a fair number of wins for individual counties would do well to forget their pleasant dreams until they be fulfilled, for unless good judges are mistaken, there are no bloodless victories in store for us. By the end of next week the first of the five test matches will be a matter of history and not of prophecy, but prophecy may be allowed the small amount of licence required for the statement that if we win we shall have worked to win. The selection of the team will be the first difficulty, a difficulty which will not present itself to the Australians, as they have only fourteen men to select from, and of the three that are left out Trumble will probably be one, as still in hospital, so to speak, and the reserve wicket-keeper will be another. At the time of writing no rumour has reached my ears as to our own representatives; indeed, it is hard at present to say who is in form and who is not; so that it will only be wisdom to keep a strict silence and not to risk one's prophetic reputation by vain forecastings. It will not, however, be inappropriate to express a pious hope that something more creditable to our latitude in the shape of weather may be served up when the important time comes. It makes one shudder to read that in May, the "merrie" month, "the extraordinary sight was seen of the ground being perfectly white with a mixture of snow and hail." Hail we can understand, but at snow the line must be drawn, even though a Derby has been run amid flying flakes. Criticism of players and their play is almost out of place when the inclement surroundings are considered. When both batsman and bowler are suffering from the shivers the terms of the encounter are fair to either party, the one who first gets warm having the better chance; but the poor fieldman is the man who suffers, for cold does not affect the driving power of modern bats as it affects the catching powers of shivering fieldsmen, so that it is little wonder that many catches have not been catches; the mystery is that any should have been held at all. County cricket, as played during the first fortnight in May, amounted to nothing as far as the championship is concerned, for no county was, during that period, "forrarder" by a single point. There was some fairly high scoring, but nothing sensational; so that to the frequent interruptions, while the clouds rolled by, can alone be attributed this period of strange quiescence. At the Universities, at Lord's, and by the Australians definite results were several times attained, generally owing to a defined preponderance of strength, which condition is not so common among the counties, in most of which the balance of power is fairly well known and maintained, by which I mean that no one is very much surprised if the weakest of these political sub-divisions makes 300 or even 400 runs against the strongest. A match at Oxford, the University against H. D. G. Leveson-Gower's XI., produced, however, as many as 1,193



T. A. Metcalf.

REDSTART'S NEST.

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runs; which is tall even for the "Parks," where wickets are good and boundaries none too trying. To the Oxford total Wyld and Bonham-Carter contributed 85 each in a single innings and Findlay 78, but a bad failure in the first innings eventuated in defeat, for Key, ex-captain of Surrey, scored 120 and 28, Chinnery of Surrey and Middlesex, 73 and 35, and Bosanquet of Middlesex, 86 and 82 not out. As the last-named helped himself to 7 and 103 at Cambridge, he may be regarded as an authority as to the relative strength of the Light Blue and Dark Blue bowlers, calling in, if necessary, as *amici curiae*, both Chinnery and Key, who also kept the Cantab fieldsmen in active employment. E. R. Wilson, the Cambridge captain, seems to be in wonderful form as a bowler; a Cantab myself, I hope he will not bowl away all his best balls before July 3rd, when he will be face to face with the Oxford champions.

Though the new regulation as to the length of the bowling-crease has had a good trial, and though the M.C.C. has been playing its first-class matches under the amended law of l.b.w., one has not heard, at least I have not heard, any criticisms as to the effect of either, save that Storer was out under the proposed law when he would not have been had existing regulations been observed. I note, also, Trott has been trying to utilise his break-back with a view to getting the striker out for obstruction, but apparently with no great success. It does not follow, however, that the amendment is a failure, merely because the mystic trio of letters does not follow the batsman's name, for it may well happen that he loses his wicket, bowled or caught, or what not, because he feels himself cramped, or in some cases because he fails to make an accurate stroke with the bat, though he could have saved his wicket with his leg. If this is so, the amendment is bearing good fruit, though the objection to it still holds good, that we do not want to get men given out, if we can help it, but *got* out. There is already enough grumbling and to spare, rightly or wrongly, at umpires' decisions. W. J. FORD.

## WILD . . . COUNTRY LIFE.

SINGERS NOTICED AND UNNOTICED.

**B**V this time we have grown used to all the new voices in the birds' concert out of doors. When we wander afield, the rippling trills of willow-wren and wood-wren, the trivial repetitions of the white-throats, the homely twittering of the swallows and the monotonous chant of the chiff-chaff may all be in our ears at once without provoking conscious interest. Some birds, however, can always command attention. The sedge-warbler with his surprising assortment of jangling notes, strung into a sort of barbaric tune, forces you to listen, when he suddenly strikes up from a bush at your elbow. The blackcap compels admiration, too, by the fine crescendo of harmony which follows an opening almost as scratchy and meagre as the white-throat's trifling lay. Then there is the nightingale. No matter how many times a day—or a night—you hear him, he holds your attention almost from the beginning of his song; not from the very beginning, which is high and thin, like the worst notes of a bad canary, but from the second bar of his music, by contrast so rich, deep, and mellow that, if you are walking, you must stand still to hear it better.

### THE PEEWIT'S PRETENCES.

But not even the nightingale's melody arrests the ear more surely than the weird music of the nesting peewit. To stand in the midst of a "plover field" with half a score of the birds wheeling and swooping round you, uttering their insistent cries in every tone of anxious entreaty and distress, strikes a more human chord than bird life usually presents, and you are tempted to linger because you know that the poignancy of the peewit's lamentations is all affectation. Where you read anguish into the cry, the bird means menace; only Nature has found that it pays her to express the peewit's abuse of the trespasser in plaintive syllables. As you leave the field, look back and see what the peewits are doing. Each on his special beat, with glossy black crest erect above the skyline and white face and chest gleaming in the sunlight, is bowing ceremoniously towards your retiring figure. Does this mean that they are courteously thanking you for sparing their nests? Not at all. It means that they are glorying in your repulse, and showing their wives how they defy you to mortal combat if you dare to come back again.

### WING MUSIC.

But though you may know that the peewit regards you only with mixed hate and fear, you cannot help sympathising with the human wail that echoes in his cry, or yielding to the glamour of his courtly obeisances. He is a delightful bird in every respect, and never more attractive than when the fit takes him to whizz round and round his field like a mad boomerang, exhibiting in its highest degree the art of flying at splendid speed and every angle to the horizon. At such times, when he tacks from right to left and back again, his wings make a rhythmic humming sound that you can hear quite plainly 70 yds. away—a striking proof of the force of the plover's wing-beats. Give Sandow himself a plover's wing, and he would, perhaps, be puzzled how to strike the air with it, so as to produce a sound that would be audible across a twenty-acre field.

### THE USE OF TAILS IN FLIGHT.

It is usual to draw a parallel between the tail of a bird and the rudder of a ship, and to instance the long and clean-cut tails of hawks and pigeons, both birds of splendid flight, as confirmation thereof. But, as a master of flight, especially of quick turns and amazing changes of direction, the plover could teach many lessons that neither hawk nor pigeon are qualified to learn; and yet the plover, as a ground bird, has a small and weak tail. It is all very well for birds which perch upon trees or pinnacles of rock to wear long tails to aid them in checking their flight exactly to the desired branch or point of stone. But a bird which habitually alights upon the ground could not use such a tail, for the simple reason that it would strike the ground before the bird's feet reached it. Take, for instance, the turtle dove, a bird which exhibits, in the loud clapping of its pinions and its arrowy flight, a power of wing possibly equal to that of the peewit. When it alights upon a tree, it curves upwards in flight, and, while its wings close, its tail, spread fanwise, evidently controls and guides the final movement.

### A QUICK-TURN ARTIST.

So, in the quick turns and twists of the peewit's flight, you can see that the tail plays a very subordinate part indeed, and that the lightning changes of direction are produced simply by tilting the plane of flight. At one moment the bird is curving, like a meteor, to the right, because the body and the plane of the wings is depressed to that side. The next instant it is whirling to the left with equal speed, with body and wings tilted the other way. There are times, indeed, when in describing its quickest, shortest circles the peewit's outspread wings make a line almost perpendicular to the ground. When, too, he is flying at full speed and turns in his track, as no other bird can turn, he has thrown himself backwards so that the whole surface of his body and outspread wings and tail offer resistance to the air; and the first wing-beat of his return flight is made when he is almost upside down.

### THE USE OF BROAD WINGS.

Of course there must be some peculiarity of structure which enables the peewit to exhibit these antics on the wing; and since this is not to be found in the body, nor in the tail, which is below the average of those of flying birds in size and strength, we must find it in the wings themselves. Evidently the power lies in the broad ends of the wings which contrast so markedly with the knife-blade pinions of other plovers and almost all swift-flying birds. From the slow and apparently laboured flapping of the peewit's broad wings in ordinary flight, it gets its other name of lap wing, and at such times seems the last bird to indulge in fancy flying. So a rower, who used sculls with blades of double width, might seem to make his strokes with toil; but, given the strength to use them, he could, like the peewit, exhibit marvels in backing and turning. The peewit, always exposed, by its habit of haunting open wastes, to the greatest danger from birds of prey, has escaped death through countless generations of ancestors by dodging rather than straightforward flight; and those birds dodged best which had the broadest-bladed wings to arrest their course and turn it from side to side. Thus it became an advantage to the ancestral peewits that the secondary feathers should grow almost as long as the primaries and help these to hold the air; until at last we see these birds with wings which look curiously clumsy and yet are specially modified to secure extreme agility.

### DECEPTIVE APPEARANCES.

This contradiction between appearance and use is common in Nature; for what could look more ponderous and clumsy than the tail of the kangaroo? When the animal has no need to hurry its tail trails on the ground, and seems to be dragged about as a burden; but this load is the mainspring of those swift leaps with which the fleeing kangaroo annihilates the distance from horizon to horizon. Watch the grasshopper, again, crawling up a grass stalk. Slowly and laboriously he drags those huge hindmost limbs after him, folding them when he has reached the summit, as if it were really a relief to pack up the ungainly things. And then, suddenly, the grasshopper alights six feet off. He only unfolded those burdensome limbs with a jerk. Look, again, at a hare feeding; the poor thing limps clumsily about, because its hind legs are so disproportionately long. But clap your hands, and then see what those clumsy hind legs can do in the way of covering country.

### OUR MISTAKE.

It might seem curious that organs of special excellence should so often appear clumsy or mis-shapen, but the mistake is ours. We unconsciously apply human rules to Nature in general—we are always doing it—and because we should feel awkward and be clumsy if any of our limbs were disproportionately large, we think that wild species must be similarly affected. When we see the toucan's bill we pity the poor bird for having to carry such a preposterous thing in front of his face. We forget that whereas a man with a nose nearly as big as himself would be an aberrant monstrosity, and as such as greatly to be pitied, the toucan, especially in the matter of beak, is the highly-developed type of a species, as near perfection for the purposes of its existence as Nature has been able to make it in hundreds of thousands of years. There is no such defect as disproportion or clumsiness in any natural organ of any living thing. If it appears so to us, the fault is ours. E. K. R.



Miss Alice Hughes,

LADY ST. OSWALD AND CHILDREN.

52, Gower Street.

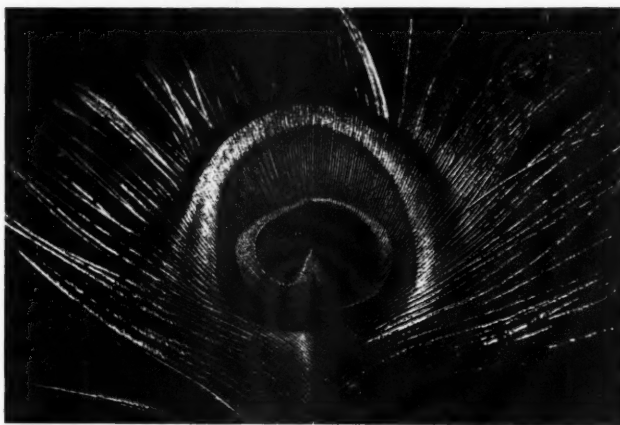
# THE PEACOCK EYE IN NATURE.

ON almost the last occasion on which the writer saw the late Sir William Flower, that distinguished naturalist was engaged in his room at South Kensington Museum on a most elegant piece of work—"indulging himself," as he termed it, on a morning which was not quite so full of business as usual. He had before him the skin of a wild Indian peacock, from which he was extracting with a pair of steel tweezers a series of feathers to show the gradual evolution of the "peacock eye" from the simpler and more severe elements of colour and shape in other feathers. The feathers showing this gradation were laid out



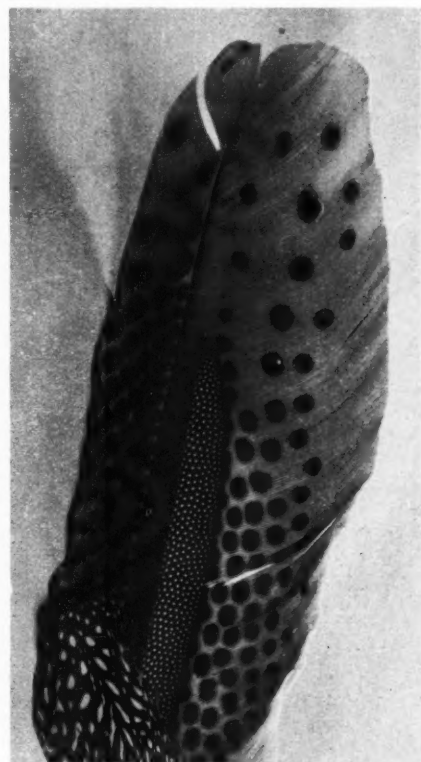
Copyright ARGUS PHEASANT. "C.L."  
(No. 1.—Cup and ball ocellus.)

loose in two lines on a board, and evidently gave him great satisfaction. "I think a feather is almost the most beautiful thing in Nature," he said, "and these are some of the most beautiful of all feathers." He might have added that the peacock eye is the most beautiful of all natural ornaments, but this fact was included in his praise of the peacock's feathers generally. Pattern, which is the repetition of ornament, or of some form which when repeated makes ornament, is not very common in Nature. Gorgeous colours and elegant shapes are much oftener seen in birds and butterflies than patterns. Those best known are the scale pattern, seen not only on fish, where it is not intentionally decorative, but on birds, where scale-shaped feathers with bright edgings form one of the beauties of golden pheasants and Amherst pheasants. Black and white checks, seen on the backs of the divers, bar patterns, on the tails of Reeves pheasant and some other varieties, and various spot patterns, are also very effective. The prettiest spot pattern is one of creamy white circles on a rich brown ground. That is seen in many small exotic finches, and on the breast of the wood duck, also on a good many butterflies, where this white spot on copper colour or chestnut is very commonly seen as an edging to the wings. It is also present on some cowrie shells. This recurrence of natural pattern in different parts of the organic world is a very beautiful and interesting subject. Thus the chequer pattern, which, being made of squares or rectangles, does not conform to the

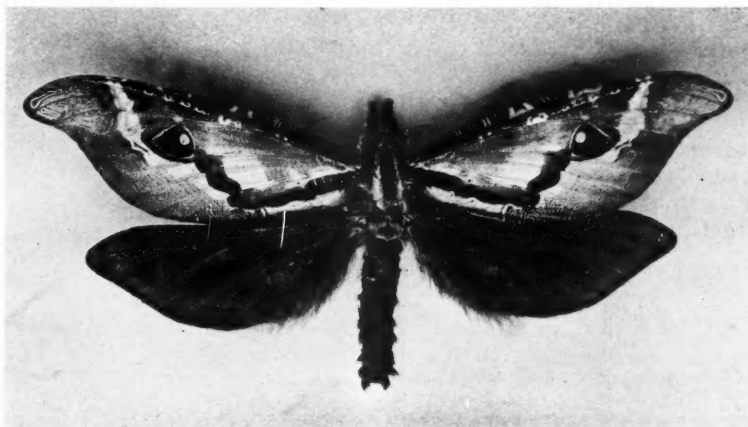


Copyright PERFECT PEACOCK EYE. "C.L."

shapes of natural objects, and is consequently not common, is found not only on the diver's back, but in a rather different form on the fritillary of our fields—the only plant which the writer can recall as having a square pattern on it, and on the little neritina shells of black and white, or mauve and white, found in quantities in the Thames as low as Hammersmith Bridge. But undoubtedly the most striking of all these instances of the recurrence of natural ornament in different objects is the frequency with which the peacock eye is found, not only in birds, but on insects, and even flowers. The peacock eye is probably the most beautiful and the most elaborate of natural ornaments which are purely decorative — things added to make decoration, not merely the thing itself, like the blue on a kingfisher's back. The most wonderful thing about the peacock eye is that it is obviously intended. Many other forms of decoration, common to plants and animals, are only indications of the lines of their structure, which become, as it were, accidentally pretty. Such decoration is, for instance, seen in the black veins of white butterflies, or the dark colours along the veins of leaves and flowers, which are really the supports of the wing or leaf. The scales of fishes, though ornamental, are part of the covering of the skin, and the rosy blush on beauty's cheek is after all only the suffusion of the upper cells of the skin by red blood corpuscles, to put the thing scientifically. But there is none of your utility or instinctive physical action resulting in colour in the peacock eye. It is meant to look pretty and nothing else.



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(No. 2—Showing what the "eye" developed from.)

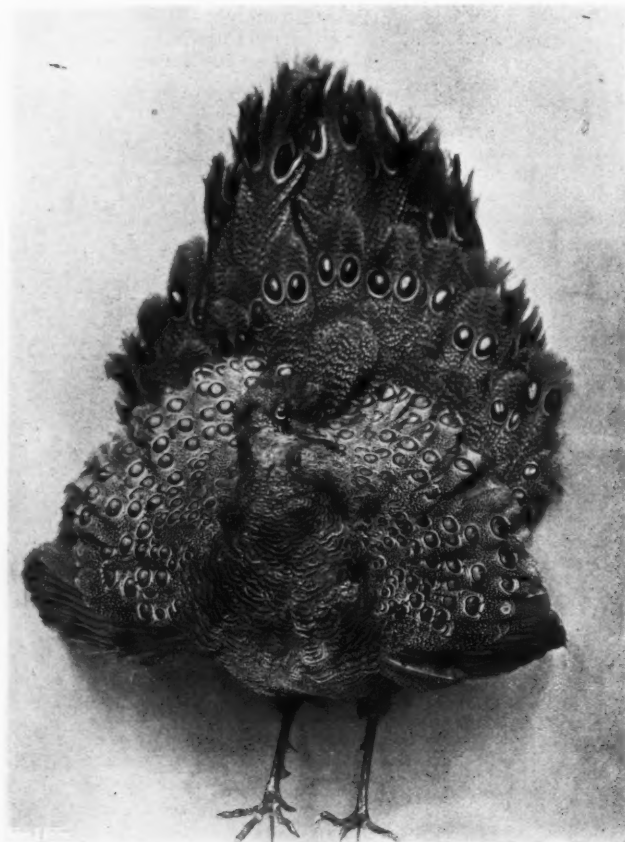


Copyright MOTH LITO STACH. "COUNTRY LIFE."

Its gradual evolution from a simpler form of ornament may be seen illustrated at South Kensington. But it is to the repetition of this elaborate beauty in other creatures that the reader's attention is now asked. Among birds it reappears in the Javan peacock, the rather inferior bird of the Far East, which has no such elaborate crown on its head as had, and less of the peacock blue than, the Indian bird, in the peacock pheasant, and in the ocellated turkey of Honduras. The peacock pheasant relies solely for ornament on these "eyes." Its whole plumage is a

quiet mottled grey, and the spots are not green and blue, as in the peacock, but various shades of blue and steel colour, almost black on the edges, iridescent, and perfectly circular. Each "eye" has a white border, which makes it even more conspicuous than does the bronze border round the peacock eye. This pheasant comes from the mountains of the Indian Archipelago and the Eastern Himalayas. It is in no way connected with another bird which wears exactly the same kind of decoration, the ocellated turkey from Honduras. This is a most gorgeous creature, in which all forms of decoration seem, as in the peacock, to have been developed to the utmost. It has bright coral-like spots on its head and neck. The "eyes" are placed upon the upper-tail coverts, and in a row at the end of the tail feathers, and in some cases are rimmed with gold. In other birds, like the Argus pheasant, the "eye" is a cup and ball ornament worked out in monochrome mainly, though the idea of the elaborate ornament is much the same.

Passing now to fish, anyone who goes to the Zoo in the spring and visits the rather dreary fish-house may generally see, swimming in one of the tanks, some fish called the "eared sunfish." They are not ocean sunfishes—the gigantic molebuts sometimes found on our coasts—but a small fish from the rivers of North America. They are called "eared" sunfish not because they have any visible ears, but because where the ear

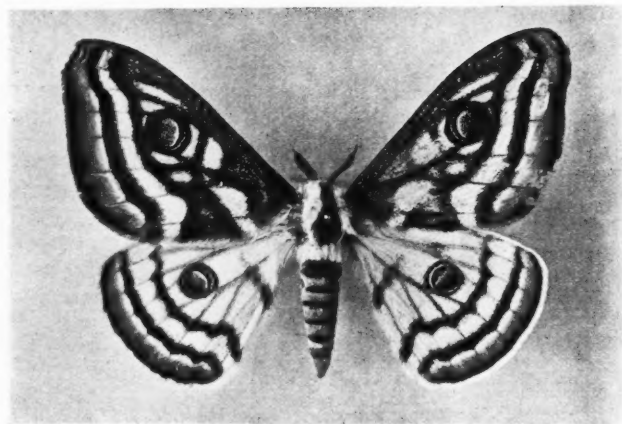


PEACOCK PHEASANT DISPLAYING OCELLI.

would be in a mammal they have a peacock eye. This only shows in the breeding season, about May and June. Then it is most brilliant, and as large as a threepenny-piece on the bigger fish. There is sometimes a whitish rim, as in the peacock pheasant. Inside are all the gradations of dark blue, iridescent blue and green, seen on the peacock's train. Another fish carrying the same ornament is occasionally seen at the Zoo, but the specimens are now dead. It is a small creature—the size of a half-grown minnow—from the island of Trinidad. Each of these little half-transparent fish had on either side one or two ornaments—"not mere spots lying in rings of a different colour, such as decorate the sides of trout and salmon, but a perfectly developed peacock gem, lying in its rainbow rings of green, blue, and gold, equally rich and dark in tint, and even more striking from its contrast with the colourless and semi-transparent body of the creature it adorned."

So far we have traced the recurrence of the ornament among various birds and two species of fish. Among the insects it is found in almost equal beauty. The peacock butterfly will occur to everyone; but besides this there is a very beautiful "eye" in the wings of the Emperor moth, and of the eyed hawk moth, and a reproduction of the eye in the Argus pheasant's wing feathers, in the Brahma moth, and certain shells.

At the Denton butterfly-mounting depot in Regent Street, where the creatures are set in natural attitudes on white plaster,



Copyright

MOTH SATURNIA.

"C.L."

(Four "eyes.")

instead of being stuck on pins, a number of beautiful tropical butterflies and moths ornamented with "ocelli" are to be seen and purchased. Among the most striking are the owl butterfly here shown, and several species of tropical moths. The Saturnia and Lito Stacii are among the most remarkable.

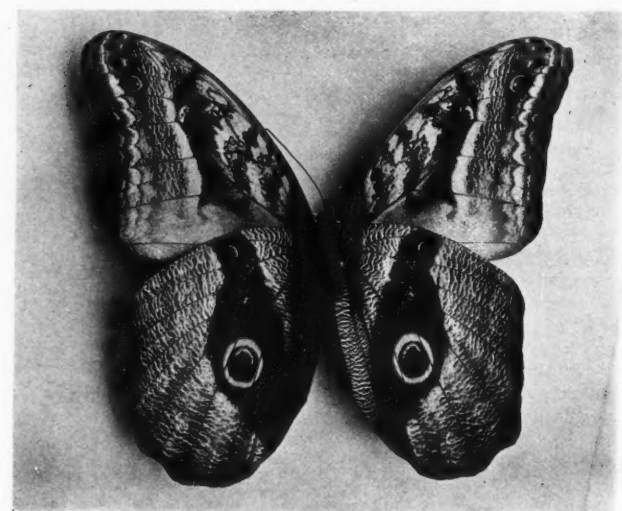
The wings of the peacock butterfly show two forms of the eye, just as the peacock feathers show more or less developed examples. In the under-wings the centre is a slightly iridescent plum colour, surrounded by a black ring with an indistinct "pupil" to the eye of black. This centre is again surrounded by a circle of smoke-colour set in dusky red. The fully developed eye in the upper wings is a circle of crimson-brown set on primrose-yellow. The outer edge of this circle towards the point of the wing is overlaid by a disc of iridescent violet, on which three pale mauve spots are stamped, two more being set in line with them on the red-brown wing lower down. The effect of the lower spots is more like that of the peacock eye than that of the upper.

Lastly, the "eye" is seen in a modified form, but recognisable, on some shells and in one flower. It adorns the back of some of the cowries (which are among the most beautiful of all shells), and it is found in the centre of a small kind of iris, called, from the resemblance of the arrangement of blue and gold, the peacock iris. Nature has infinite examples of the variety of ornament obtained. There is more such prodigal wealth of design and colour in a collection of the different birds of paradise than in a Court milliner's shop. Then Nature can also be economical of design, and in repeating the peacock eye seems to teach the lesson that we cannot have too much of what is the best of its kind.

C. J. CORNISH, F.Z.S.

## SPRINGTIME by the SHORE.

SPRING is upon the shore, undoubtedly. You may tell it by a score of signs. Yonder elegant little ring-plover, running with dazzling feet into the remnants of the last wavelet that washed the smooth, tawny sand, displays it in the shining splendour of his breeding apparel. His grey-brown upper plumage; his neck rings and head markings, spotless under parts, orange feet and bill, both black tipped, are all wonderfully perfect—immaculate. Just now he is restless, not caring to stay long upon the sands. His wife is nesting away yonder among the wide, barren stretch of sand and shingle, and he is off and away to join her. Few birds manage to conceal their eggs more cleverly from prying eyes than these little



Copyright

OWL BUTTERFLY.

"C.L."

plovers, the drab, black-speckled colouring harmonising perfectly with the pebbles among which they are laid. In the Eastern Counties, where these birds nest often among the warrens by the shore, the ring-plover is known as the stone-hatch, manifestly for the reason that the hollow in which the eggs are laid is paved with small pebbles.

Away on the sea wall of pebble yonder are a pair of brisk, alert wheatears, not long since arrived from the south and east—Egypt, Arabia, or Asia Minor. These birds, although nothing like so numerous as they used to be a hundred and fifty years ago, when countless numbers were snared by the shepherds of the South Downs, are now benefiting by the Wild Birds' Protection Acts, and few are killed for the table as they used to be. Our forefathers thought a great deal of them, and compared them even with the ortolan of the Continent. Wheatears always seem to me to be among the most cheerful of our feathered friends; a trifle fussy and fidgety, it is true, but apparently always in high spirits and upon good terms with themselves. A relative of our English wheatear, the imitative wheatear—the *schaapwacht* (shepherd) of the Boers of South Africa—is a great and deserved favourite in Cape Colony, where, close to the solitary



Copyright

"C.L."

PEACOCK EYE: PORTION OF OCELOT'S SKIN.

farmhouse, perched on an anthill or some similar elevation, he pours forth his sweet cheerful song and mimics—for he is a vastly imitative little fellow—all sorts of farmyard sounds, dogs barking, hens clucking, and so on. Like the English wheatear, as he flits hither and thither, he is constantly displaying the snow-white rump patch which distinguishes both these birds. Both species seem to be peculiarly tolerant of mankind. Our English bird never retreats very far away from one, and in South Africa, during one of the hard-fought battles of the Natal Campaign, a *schaapwacht* was to be observed singing stoutly on his anthill and flitting hither and thither, close to some of our troops, even amid the roar of a general action.

Two or three hundred yards behind the low, natural sea wall, amid some straggling patches of briar and bush, which have acquired foothold here, you may hear the clear, delicious, liquid note of nightingales, which sing here during any hour of the day. These birds have been coming over for the last fortnight. This is a favourite resting-place of theirs, after their long flight across the sea, and from the middle of April one may be always certain of hearing and seeing one or two of them in this quiet spot. Occasionally nightingales, like all other migrating birds, however powerful their flight, suffer a good deal in their passage to England, and lie exhausted on the shore after their struggle with a baffling or contrary wind. On April 13th, 1872, for example, there were to be seen along the whole length of the Brighton sea front nightingales under all the bathing-machines—surely the oddest resting-places in the world for birds concerning which so much poetry has been written, so much romance woven! No doubt these birds had reached the shore thoroughly exhausted, and were glad to avail themselves of the prosaic shelter even of the nearest bathing-machine.

The flights of dunlin—oxbirds, pures, sea snipe, even bull's-eyes, country-folk locally call them—which have been so familiar along this quiet stretch of shore-line all the winter are away at last. They come to us towards September and leave in spring for their breeding-places in the far North—Scandinavia, Russia, Iceland, and elsewhere. Dunlin breed, too, on the wilder moorlands of the North of England and Scotland, and from the circumstance that this bird frequents the same ground as, and is found nesting, as it were, side by side with, the golden plover, it has been called, rather neatly, "the plover's page." One is always sorry to lose the dunlins and glad to welcome them back to the shore-line again. Whatever other birds may be scarce along the sea margin during autumn and winter, these little dusky brown waders, with their silvery waistcoats, are always with us. Their numbers never seem to decrease. In some estuaries you may see them by thousands, and their legions are often recruited by other small waders, such as pigmy curlew, knots, and even rarer visitants. A shot at a flock of dunlin will, in fact, as likely as not produce some totally unexpected bird treasure.

Although the dunlins, golden plovers, and hooded crows have deserted the shore-line this spring, we have some compensation for the loss of their company in the fleeting presence of other wanderers on their way North. No birds in the world make such astonishing migrations as the wading birds, and especially the sandpipers. The ancient, uncontrollable instinct which has impelled their ancestors during countless ages of the past, pushes them North each spring to their breeding-places, often far within the Arctic circle, as regularly as clockwork, and as certainly sends them flying far South again for the winter. From the southern shore-line of far South Africa, of South America, and other remote countries, come these restless wanderers on their spring flight, often dropping

in on our English shores for a few days' rest before they reach that lonely Ultima Thule where they are to find their mates and rear their families. The bar-tailed and black-tailed godwits, the whimbrel, little stint, curlew sandpiper, common sandpiper, sanderling, nay, even the ruff and reeve, still annually pay our shore-line an occasional spring visit and pass on to those dim and unknown solitudes in which some overpowering impulse compels them to make their nests.

The quiet observer, spending a few days by some flat stretch of shore-line in springtime, especially if he carries with him a good pair of glasses, may not infrequently happen upon some of these birds. To-day, for instance, along yonder two miles of sand, have been noted sanderling, sandpipers, little stint, and turnstones, the latter most busily employed in lifting what seem almost incredible weights in search of food. A pair of these birds are often to be found manfully helping one another in some difficult piece of stone-raising. The dainty grey plover, which sometimes favours us in spring and autumn, is, like the woodcock, a "here to-day, gone to-morrow" sort of bird. But the rare Kentish plover still haunts the lonelier parts of the coast-line of Kent and Sussex, and, unlike his grey cousin, who must reach the far North of Asia, Russia, or America for his nesting business, brings up his interesting little family, like his near relative, the ring-plover, on British soil, close to the shore. This bird is, I fancy, fairly often mistaken for the much commoner ring-plover; but its black legs easily distinguish it from the orange under-standings of that bird. The neck collar, too, is incomplete in front.

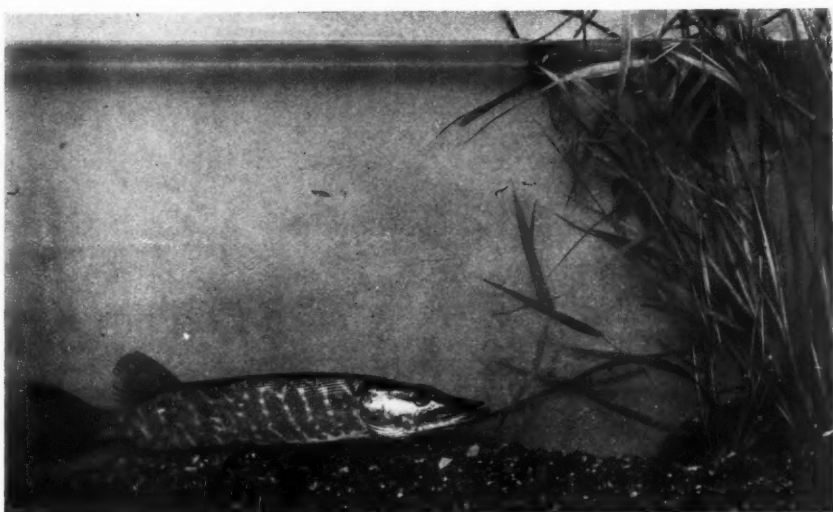
There are certain rare days in spring, soft, balmy, perfect days, which bring an indefinable rapture to the senses; when one feels almost as if one could stretch forth one's hands and bless and embrace the soft breeze and the sweet atmosphere that touch one's cheek. This is surely one of them! The harsh winds have gone, spring is truly here, all Nature seems to rejoice. The ring-plover has vanished, but yonder oyster-catcher, a hundred yards away, brave in his finest spring plumage, pied handsomely in black and white, with orange bill and purplish legs, sets the note of the season. It is manifest that he is courting, displaying himself in all his finery to the lady of his choice a few paces nearer the sea. He is a late arrival, I fancy, and has but recently addressed himself to his inamorata. The peewits are already nesting, and the male birds are wheeling and tumbling above the flat, green meadows in that curious way of theirs, uttering penetrating cries that one can hear away over here by the still spring sea. The sky is pale blue, light westerly clouds sailing, miracles of fleecy whiteness, across the clear expanse; a nightingale trills fitfully in the blackthorn yonder, occasionally pouring forth those marvellously liquid notes, yet never giving one quite as much as one hopes and wishes for; and, everywhere filling the whole quiet country-side with their music, skylarks are flinging themselves aloft, singing as only they sing for these few precious weeks of springtime.

H. A. BRYDEN.

## HABITS AND LIFE HISTORY OF THE PIKE.

FEW of our fresh-water fish have had so much literature devoted to them as the pike. Accounts of the capture of fictitious fish of enormous size, and fairy tales of their voracity and ferocity, so pervade our literature, that it is not my intention to add to the already long list of pike stories, but rather to give a short account of the habits and life history of the pike, with a few words of explanation of some of my photographs taken from life.

The pike is a fish found in many waters throughout the

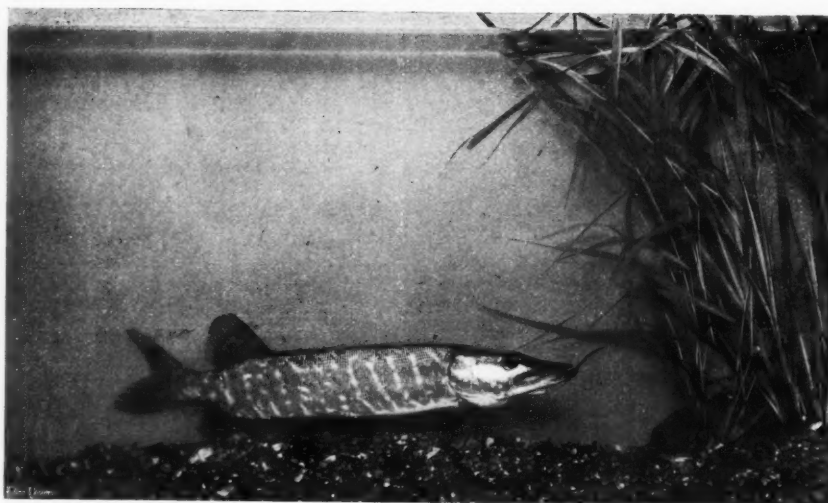


OUTSIDE A REED-BED.

length of the British Isles; solitary in his habits, he may be observed lying motionless at the bottom of a pool of some sluggish river, and in this position his dark back and broad snout are in no way suggestive of beauty. Frequently a pike will lie on the outskirts of a reed-bed, with the muscles of his back relaxed, his dorsal fin at rest, his body just raised off the ground, and supported by his pectoral, ventral, and anal fins

extended below him. The middle fish in the last photograph well illustrates this posture of rest.

Being a predatory fish, on the approach of a member of the finny tribe suitable for a meal a wicked gleam appears in his eye, the rays of his dorsal fin are extended, and except for an almost imperceptible vibration of the posterior rays of his dorsal fin, he will remain motionless in the position shown in the first photograph, eagerly watching his prey. Should the unwary little fish approach sufficiently near, the pike may suddenly strike from this attitude; more frequently, however, when the object of his desire is within reasonable distance he will stiffen the muscles of his back, and with a gentle tremor of his fully extended fins will glide slowly forward; when within striking distance he will shoot out with lightning rapidity, and seize his prey across the body, usually about the middle, but occasionally towards the head or by the head itself. When a pike misses his prey he slowly sinks back to the spot he came from, jerking his head and snapping his jaws to show his disapproval at his failure; occasionally, however, he will hang absolutely motionless in mid-water,



*RESTING MOTIONLESS, SUPPORTED BY HIS PECTORAL FINS.*

as if nothing had occurred, and frequently his cunning is rewarded by the return of the inquisitive fish.

The pike is not easily daunted by failure, and I have seen a small pike in a tank attempt to seize a large and active carp four times within a space of thirty-five minutes. The victim, once seized, is held for a time, at the very angles of the pike's jaws, in a grip from which few escape. This grip must be of great power, for the fish seized seems to be paralysed and seldom struggles. After a pause, varying from a second or two to a few minutes, the captive is swung round by a jerky movement of the pike's jaws and swallowed head first.

The voracity of the pike at times is very marked. One small specimen, kept with a constant supply of food, seldom took his meals at regular intervals, but having devoured three or four minnows within a few hours, would retire to a dark corner, where he would lie in a torpid state for two or three days.

Pike usually spawn from March to May, and during these months a male and female pike, or a female with two or three males, may be observed making their way up some ditch draining into the river or water they inhabit. The ova are exceedingly small and yellow in colour, and are deposited among the water-weeds, to which they adhere. The ova become eyed in about a fortnight, and the fry hatch in about a month. The fry are delicate and pretty objects, and for some time remain beautifully transparent. The growth of the young pike is very rapid, the young fish acquiring a length of from 8 in. to 10 in. the first year. The small pike shown in the last photograph was caught in December, and measured 7½ in., and was probably nine, or ten months old.

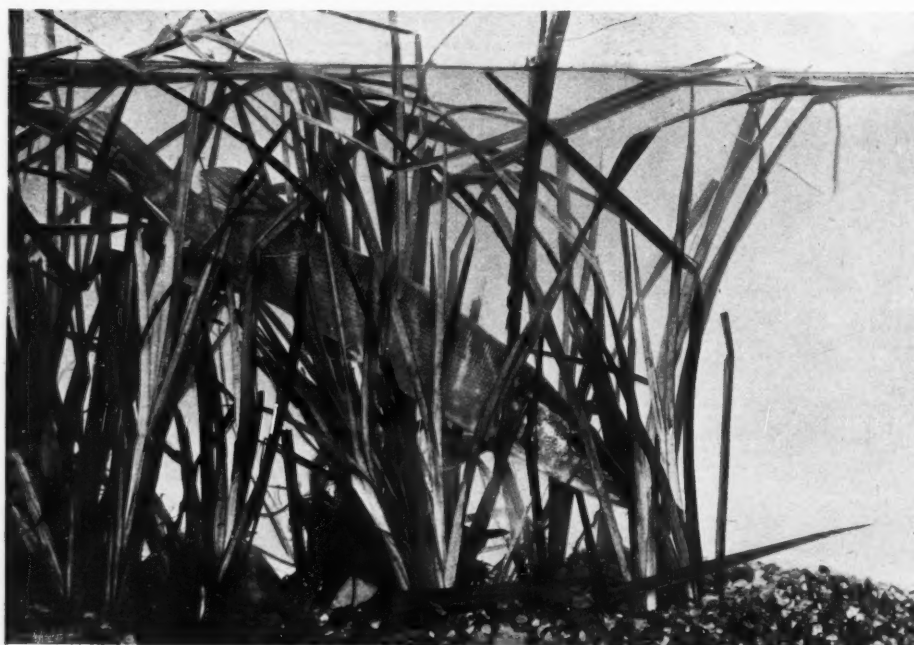
Pike are supposed to increase 12 in. to 14 in. the second year, and 18 in. to 20 in. the third year, or about 4 lb. per annum during the early portions of their lives. The growth naturally depends upon their surroundings and food supply, but I should be inclined to think that this growth is exceptional.

During the photography of numerous pike, my attention has been specially drawn to the markings on their bodies.

The pike is undoubtedly a cannibal. This is proved by the fact that young pike frequently show the scars of



*LYING IN WAIT.*



*PROTECTIVE COLOURING.*

having been seized by their elder brethren. The young pike is most frequently to be found among the reeds and rushes along the banks of a river or pond, hence the bands on the body of the young pike shown in the last photograph are undoubtedly to help to disguise the young fish in his natural surroundings. The baby pike is thus not only protected from his own species, but also is less noticeable to the quick eyes of the small fry that constitute a large element in his food. The photograph of a pike 12in. in length beautifully illustrates the value of these protecting bands.

The characteristic attitude of the young pike is to lie among the reeds with the head pointing somewhat downwards; this might account for the fact that the bars on the pike run backwards, and, consequently, when lying among the reeds in the attitude described, the bars on his body are parallel with the upright reeds in the water. As the young fish grows there is less necessity for him to lurk in the reeds, and consequently his markings alter to fall in with the mottled markings of the river-bed. How these changes occur is well illustrated by the photograph of the head and shoulders of a pike that measured 14in. The yellow bar, of which three are shown, gradually disappears at certain regular intervals, and is thus replaced by a row of rounded spots.

The last photograph shows three pike, their respective weights being 2½oz., 2½lb., and 14lb. The top fish is a small pike 9in. in length, showing the bands on its body. This photograph was taken in a tank, while this baby pike



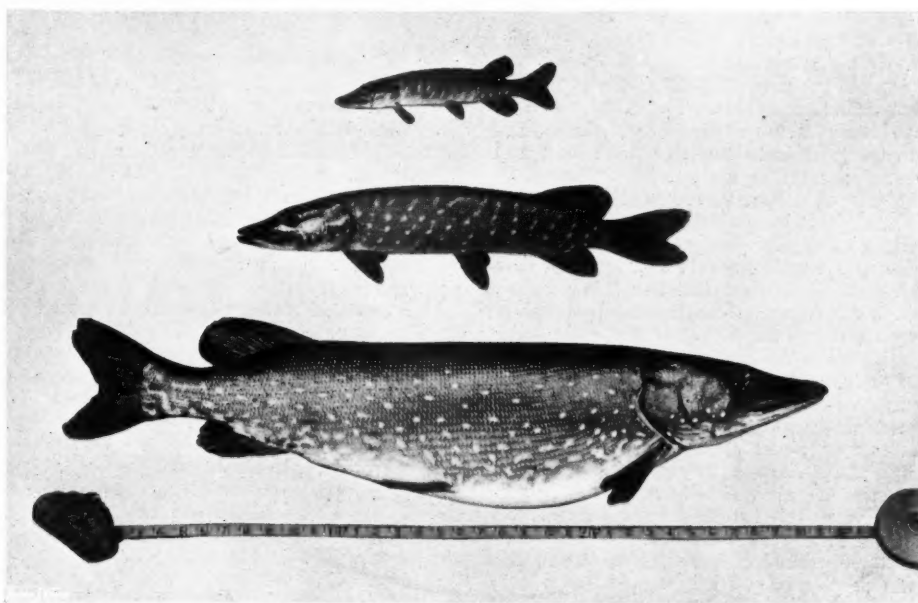
THE HEAD OF A CRIMINAL.

was advancing to seize a gold-fish. The two black lines across the body, below the dorsal fin, are the stems of weeds between the body and the glass of the tank. The second fish, 20in. in length, shows the bars broken up into spots, though in places complete absorption of the band has not yet taken place between some of the spots. The last fish, 35in. in length—the only photograph of the series not taken while the fish was alive—shows the markings on the adult. The spots towards the back, which in the younger fish were rounded, have now become elongated. The bars on the young fish usually give place to five or six spots; but it will be noticed that the spots in the adult are more numerous. The markings at the junction of the white on the abdomen and the darker colouring of the body are constantly changing, and it would appear as if the darker parts encroached on the lighter, surrounding and cutting off portions to make further spots.

The colour and markings of pike vary somewhat in different waters.

The specimen of the adult fish shown was very dark in colour, and had comparatively few spots. A 14-pounder of which a few days previously I also took a photograph, was much lighter, and showed twice as many spots.

Pike are supposed to live to a great age. With advancing years the head becomes longer in proportion to the length of the body, the projection of the lower jaw is more



THE CHANGES IN MARKING.

noticeable, and the spots towards the back by degrees disappear.

FRANCIS WARD.

## THINGS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THERE are just two courses open to the eager amateur agriculturist: either he can read *nothing* that is written about his hobby, or he can read *everything*. There is no *via media*; but I know what I would do if I had to begin over again! As it was, we had formed the habit of reading everything. And since we attached the deepest importance to what we read, we suffered sorely from conflicting opinions, especially on the management of cows, and our minds literally crawled with the opposing dicta of authorities.

To begin with, there was the question of the tuberculosis test. No reasoning human being would buy a cow, nowadays, without having it subjected to this test—so said one journal that we took in. Well, we had bought our four cows without ever thinking of it! The Queen's herd (this was some years ago) of forty had been inoculated, and thirty-six had been proved to have tuberculosis (I write these figures from memory, so I may exaggerate or understate to the extent of a cow or two). We surveyed our four lovely beasts in a sort of desperation, and Esmeralda briskly pointed out that if the proportion chanced to be the same we should only have two-fifths of a cow left standing! For this and other reasons we decided not to inoculate them, but just to be extra watchful of their health.

Well, then, when the question of feeding came up and keeping up a high milk average, we got hold of the reports of experimental Government colleges in the United States, and we seized upon the principle that by leaving your cows out on cold nights you oblige them to use up much of the heat and energy they have manufactured from their carefully-chosen food, and so reduce the milk yield in exact ratio to that used-up heat and energy.

The idea being that what cows ought, after sustaining themselves, to give back to you in milk, they are forced to draw upon to withstand the inclement conditions in which you place them.

This seemed extremely plausible; it corresponds to the idea that by underpaying your bus driver and conductor you leave the men no alternative but to pilfer from the takings, and so reduce your returns. We had no desire to thrust dishonest practice upon the cow. She converts her elaborate rations into milk, reserving a very small quantity to supply her own mobility—to keep herself alive and generally to "run" her own immediate concerns, such as coat and horns and hoofs, and the making good of waste tissue. The "good" cow is the cow that shows the greatest ability in the matter of the milk return, and docks as little as possible for her personal interest, by the way. If she is seen to misappropriate a single ounce of matter and display it in the form of flesh, she is disqualified as a milker on the spot. You must be able to "hang your hat up on the one side of a cow and your coat on the other" when you go to milking, so Bingle's wife's father told him "the very first time ever he come in the cow stable," and it is a sound piece of wisdom to-day.

We assimilated all these remarkable doctrines as fast as we could, and the cows never lie out till May nor after October, while during the day, before we had shelters in the meadows they frequent, we would have them fetched in when cold showers and angry bursts of hail came on.

No sooner were these practices in full swing, and the leaden mass of bucolic resistance on the part of Bingle and "the boy" duly conquered, than the new treatment of consumption began to figure in every single newspaper and journal—and the new

treatment of consumption appeared to traverse inconveniently the laws laid down by those wide-awake American experts at the Government colleges in U.S.A.

It seemed proved that the generality of cows were more or less likely to be affected with tubercle; it seemed proved that tubercle could be effectively combated only by heroic measures, which were prejudicial to a high milk-yield. What were we to do? Either we must consent to reduce the milk-yield and fight tubercle on the open-air method, or we must enhance the milk-yield by means of a system that would undoubtedly bolster up tubercle. It was a pretty dilemma. *What were we to do?*

Father said, "My dear child, why read the papers? A diplomatic training would at once break you of that; no public man can afford to read the papers."

Esmeralda, who has natural courage, as well as natural everything else, said "Chance it."

Betty said, "Toss!"

It was at this moment that Professor Koch of Berlin announced his discovery that tuberculosis in cows was not communicable to human beings. We flung our respective hats in the air, and went solid for the American methods.

It is easiest of all, in the way of feeding, to keep cows in autumn; in fact, their diet presents no difficulty whatever then. Their cake-ration—decorticated cotton cake we use—is begun gently with three pounds apiece per day, that mounts to four pounds, and by Christmas-time to five pounds, and at that it stops till Spring. Cow-cabbage comes in fairly in November, but we start pulling special heads in October, when the green waste from the garden begins to run short. The cabbages go off about Christmas; we do not have the large, much later drumheads, because in our cold and dampish valley, frost and wet rot them so ruinously; but the early cabbage once off, mangolds are in and have by that time "sweetened" in the pits. One day's supply is always thrown out to air, and on the following day it is put into a beautiful pale green machine, which delivers it in the form of "mangold snow"; that is mixed with the "chop" (oat-straw and clover-hay) and the crushed oats, and fed to them right away, though Bingle has a fancy for "souring" it first, which fancy we curb. If there are more small potatoes than the pigs can do with we use these, too, and last winter we had a fine lot of parsnips, which cows love, and which suit them even better than mangold. Turnips and swedes we *never* use; what is the good of running the risk when there are so many other roots that never spoil milk? Wilted and rotten leaves of cabbages will spoil milk, too, so these are always trimmed off before our cows are allowed to have them. A half-acre of lucerne comes in very well before the grass grows; we sowed it in drills, horse-hoed it, and kept it clean (even to getting women to hand-weed it for groundsel the first year), and the consequence is three fine crops come off it in a good season, and it is particularly welcome in the parching-summer months. The great object with us, winter and summer, is to provide enough *moist* food; too much dry rations, even with abundance of soft drinking water, is prejudicial to milk, and we even thought it tended to put flesh on the cows.

There was a time when I actually believed cows lived on grass. In actual practice we could not, in a non-grazing country, depend on grass for more than three months out of the year; in summer it gets burnt up so terribly that it never takes much heart for autumn growth; a judicious employment of thin sewage, which in our case means house water and laundry water, will keep one paddock going, but the supply is far too limited to do much.

I am not going to pretend that our system of keeping cows is inexpensive—it is not; and it means a lot of labour for a few cows. The farmer would not find it pay him. But as we only want to have four cows in perfect fettle (one calving every three months)—to be certain we are getting the finest milk and butter and cream in England, and to give the men something to do, under cover, if may be, in rough weather—it answers our purpose very well.

Still, it had a flaw: we produced far more butter than we could use. Ours were "forcing" rations, and the produce bewildered us, until we reflected that Aunt Pleydell and the local grocer could be made to take the surplusage—and they do, and seem to like it. If the grocer never gives more than 1s. 4d. a pound and drops to 9d. in summer, it is a satisfaction to feel that Aunt Pleydell knows nothing of "gluts" and "market prices" and cheerfully pays 1s. 8d. all the year through.

I believe we treat calves rather

differently to our neighbours. I have had long arguments with the farmer in our neighbourhood who has the largest herd of cows, and is to some extent interested in butter-making. He takes a calf straight away from its mother within an hour or two of its birth, and brings it up on boiled skim milk and linseed meal. He regards his losses with equanimity. He believes in "not interfering" at calving time, too, and he uses up still more equanimity when milk-fever and other evils supervene to carry off the "milky mothers of the herd." There are dark stories of "beef-carcases" hastily sent to London after these tragedies which are, I have reason to know, only too well founded.

On the whole, it is perhaps as well that he and his like should not "interfere"; he has kept cows all his life, and, as he said to me himself, "ought to know something." He ought;—but does he? We have never lost a cow or a calf, though there have been anxious hours over some of our very finest cows. A highly-fed deep milker needs a little common-sense and kindness expended upon her. Before calving, whenever the milk shows, it is drawn off to some extent; she occupies a beautiful quiet loose-box, away from the other cows, which is freshly lime-washed each time it is required; the floor is concrete, and is swilled down with carbolic, left to dry and laid with sawdust, which we much prefer to straw or moss litter for this purpose. Her calf is left with her for three days without any interference; if to be sold, it is sold as soon as possible after that; if to be reared, it is gated off from her; she is partially milked, and it is allowed to go to her four times a day. At a week old, it leaves her altogether, and its food is new milk with linseed or calf-meal boiled in it, and later, milk mixed with hay-tea; gradually the new milk is replaced by skim milk, but the meal and the hay-tea go on. I think hay-tea is an American idea; it has proved most successful with us.

We like rearing heifers; they cost very little in money or trouble, and if one of them *does* turn out to be a good cow, it is nice to feel we have bred it ourselves when it takes its place in the herd. Each is called after a spice or an essence, which seems appropriate to the native fragrance of cows; thus we have Lavender, Nutmeg, Verbena, Citron, and Saffron—and there are rows of other spicy names to draw upon; I am only longing for a whole-coloured Guernsey of exceptional form to be born to christen her "Sweet Basil" or "Bergamot."

But even cow-keeping has its ups and downs; positively as I sit here, Esmeralda plunges in upon me to say that Professor Behring of Berlin conclusively refutes Koch's comforting theory regarding tuberculosis; it *is* the same thing in cows and people and so—communicable!

I shall be driven to adopt the diplomatic attitude towards newspapers after all.

## AN ELEPHANT KRAAL IN CEYLON.

THIS last elephant kraal in Ceylon was the largest that has taken place in the island for some years. The Governor, Sir West Ridgeway, and suite were present, and the Duke of Mecklenburg and A.D.C., besides a number of officials and visitors; quite a little town planted



MONSIEUR, MADAME, ET BÉBÉ.



WALLOWING IN THE WATER.

down in the middle of the jungle. It was easy to imagine one's self in the heart of a forest instead of in the middle of a village as we really were, for the trees and vegetation were only cleared away where space was wanted for a hut, a road, or a shop, so that the jungle might remain as undisturbed as possible; and the stockade itself, into which the wild elephants were driven, was merely a bit of the jungle enclosed by a strong palisade of logs—about 12ft. high—planted into the ground sufficiently far apart to enable a man to escape between them into safety, and strengthened on the outside by slanting log supports. Inside was dense original jungle and a pool of water, the bait which was to attract the elephants, for they had been kept away from water for some time on purpose, so that the herd might take the desired direction. The herds of wild elephants for weeks past had been watched and gradually headed towards one point, till at last the cordon of beaters had closed round them. When once the cordon closed round the elephants, the beaters had to be on the watch night and day with fires burning, and guns to fire, to keep their charges inside the line. They then slowly tightened the cordon, till at last early one morning the elephants arrived at the V-shaped entrance to the stockade and passed fearlessly into it.

The entrance was then quickly closed and one drew one's breath. There had been no rush in, as often takes place; but that was just as well, as this time the captured herd was unusually large. For a time, after the drive in, all was silent within the stockade; the elephants scented danger, and were considering. But they were not left long to meditate. The native headmen and others at once began the work of cutting down the thick undergrowth inside the stockade, and gradually we got peeps of the elephants within. These proceedings made the captives uneasy, and they soon assisted themselves in the work of levelling the jungle within their prison. Once a clearing was made the exciting work began. The elephants could see that they were surrounded by human beings, the tops of the stockade logs were alive with spectators, and on the ground beneath was a line of beaters. The alarmed captives felt all was not right, and began to rush about inside, trumpeting loudly, crushing aside the trees with their huge bodies, and with their trunks tearing down the branches and trampling upon them in their frightened rage. It was a wild sight, and one shivered to think what would be the result if one elephant was allowed too close to the stockade and damaged it in any way. Fortunately, however, elephants when wild naturally turn from whatever alarms them, and, unless enraged by persistent pursuit, rarely take the initiative in an attack.

No time was lost in mere watching, for the supply of water within the stockade was very small, and as many elephants had to be noosed as it was wished to keep before the water gave out. So the same elephants, or decoys, were let inside the stockade, and the entrance closely barred again. Each elephant had two mahouts, or native keepers, on his back, and a rope round his neck, with which he had to drag away his wild brother when once he was noosed. As soon as the wild elephants caught sight of these tame ones with their human burdens on their backs, they took fright and turned to retreat. Then was the chance for one of the noosers to slide down from his high perch, and, when the wild elephant lifted one of his hind feet in the act of running, the noose was quickly slipped over it, and at the same moment the decoy elephant, who had the other end of the noose rope fastened to him, was made to turn suddenly and the prize was secured. If the wild elephant was too big for one decoy to drag off, then a second came to his assistance and pushed him along, the poor captive being dragged backwards away from

the herd. He was afterwards tied by his two hind legs to a tree, a decoy standing on each side of him while this was being done, both decoys passing their trunks to and fro over the head of the prisoner as if they were comforting him and advising him to be docile. Once a young elephant was caught before its mother was secured. The mother could hardly be driven away from the side of the decoys while her offspring was being tied up, and she returned to its side as soon as it was left. She tried hard to untie the rope with her trunk, as can be seen in one photograph, but he was too deftly and securely tied. The she caught sight of one of the enemy actually daring to photograph her, and quite close. This at all events she would not stand, so raising her ears and trunk and trumpeting fiercely, she rushed forward at the



TRUMPETING IN DELIGHT.

photographer, who had to beat a hasty retreat, with, however, a good portrait of the infuriated lady.

After about thirty elephants were secured, it was found necessary to have the rogue elephant shot. He had given a good deal of trouble during the "noosing," and also by generally helping to keep up the excitement of the herd; so he was doomed. When about fifty elephants were tied up, the rest broke through the stockade and dashed off to freedom, their captive relatives being sold by auction where they stood tethered to the trees. Some of these elephants were bought by the representatives of zoological gardens in Europe, to be shipped off there as soon as freight could be obtained for them.

G. H. B.



THE county of Kent is richer than most shires in ecclesiastical and domestic architecture. It is famous also for many other things—for luxuriant woods and pastures, and beautiful hop gardens which emulate the vineyards of France, while, as one writer has said, its great houses challenge comparison with the historic chateaux of the Loire. Many circumstances make Kent, as they always have made it, a part of England in which many, if they could, would choose to dwell. Some portions of the county, like that

in which Sir Henry Lennard's house stands, while possessing all the charms of hill and wood scenery, are yet within easy reach of the metropolis. Through the county ran the great road which was the avenue of communication with the Continent, and important men in every century came and went that way. The history of Kent is therefore in a manner the history of the country at large. The Romans have left their traces at Richborough, Reculver, Dover, Lympne, and many other places. The royal palace at Eltham, the stately house of Cobham, the famous mansions of Penshurst and Knole, the old manor house of Ightham, the historic walls of Hever and Leeds, the quaint dwelling of Groombridge, and many other like places distinguish it greatly.

West Wickham is known to Londoners as one of the many charming districts within their reach, and the commons of Hayes and Keston, and the varied country thereabout, have always attracted many to resort thereto. It will ever be remembered that this was a region beloved by the famous Pitt, who lived at Holwood House, two miles south of Hayes. "When a boy," said Lord Bathurst to the poet Rogers, "Pitt used to go a-birdnesting in the woods of Holwood, and it was always, he told me, his wish to call it his own." In Holwood Park, just on the descent into the vale of Keston, at the foot of an old oak tree, Pitt and Wilberforce discussed and settled the Slavery Abolition Bill in 1788, and there Wilberforce resolved to give notice of it in the House of Commons. Johnson, in his life of Gilbert West, the translator of Pindar, another celebrity of this district, says that there was at Wickham a walk made by Pitt, and "what is of far more importance, at Wickham Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his 'Dissertation on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul.'" Lyttelton and Pitt, the great lexicographer tells us, were accustomed to visit West at Wickham, when they were weary of factions and debates, and to find there books and quiet, a decent table and literary conversation.

The ancestors of Sir Henry Lennard are of old standing in this part of Kent. In the time of Edward II., the manor of Wickham was the property of the Huntingfields, of whom Sir Walter, for his advantage, procured the grant of a weekly market for the place, long since disused, in 1318. The manor passed thereafter through several families, and at length came to the hands of Sir Henry Heydon, who, about the time of Henry VII., built the quadrangular house of brick, with the characteristic angle turrets, which still remains, after having



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THE TERRACE STAIRWAY.

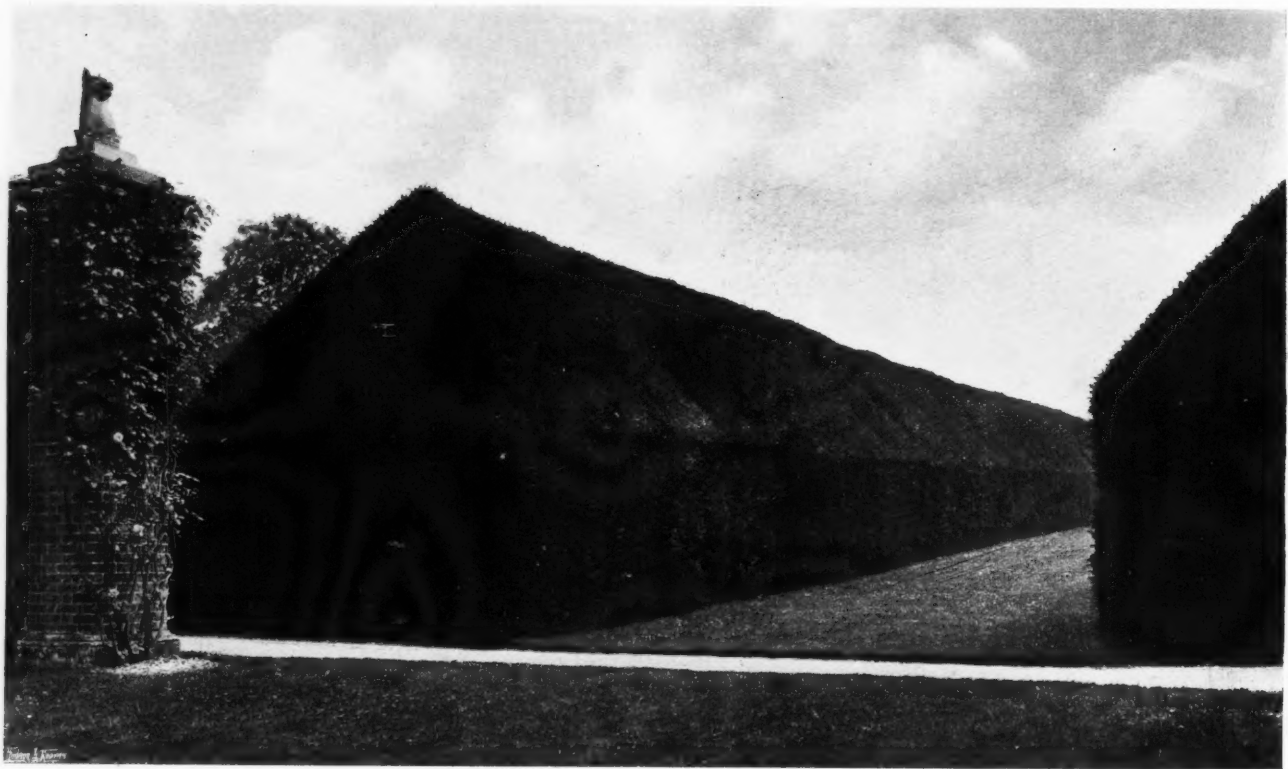
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CANTERBURY BELLS.

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*THE CREST, THE ROSE, AND THE YEWS.*

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*THE HALL DOOR.*

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undergone changes about a century ago. It received considerable additions in the time of the late baronet, John Lennard, of Knole and Chevening, who was Custos Brevium in the reign of Elizabeth, purchased the manor from Sir William Heydon. His eldest son married the Baroness Dacre, in her own right, while his youngest son was knighted, and was the father of Sir Stephen Lennard, created a baronet in 1642. This baronetage became extinct in 1727, in the person of Sir Samuel Lennard of Wickham Court, M.P., and the estate then passed through female heirs. Another baronetage was created, however, in 1880, in favour of the late Sir John Farnaby Lennard, who in 1861 had taken the name of Lennard in lieu of his own patronymic of Cator, under the testamentary injunction of Sir Charles Farnaby, Bart., of Wickham and Kippington. Sir John Farnaby had married the daughter and heiress of Sir Samuel Lennard before mentioned, and their daughter married General Sir William Cator, K.C.B., a veteran of the Peninsula, father of Sir John Farnaby Lennard, first baronet of the new creation. The second wife of this gentleman was the only daughter of Henry Hallam, the historian, who lived in the same neighbourhood, and whose portrait hangs at Wickham Court with many other interesting pictures, including one of Sir Walter Raleigh and his son by Zucchero. The present baronet, who is lord of the manor of West Wickham, and of Baston and Keston, derives his name of Henry Arthur Hallam Farnaby Lennard from the descents which have been recited above.

His house is a truly excellent example of an early period



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FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

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of English domestic architecture, and the quaintness of its ivy-grown and embattled angle turrets will impress all students of domestic architecture. Many additions have been made to it, but they are all excellent in character, and no jarring note is struck by any incongruities. The material of the house is brick, with stone dressings, and there is great character in the mullioned windows and good chimneys. The walls are richly clothed with ivy, but not to the concealment of architectural features. Quaintness characterises the house everywhere, and its picturesqueness is most attractive.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the mansion are



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THE FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE EAST FRONTAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

excellent examples of brick terrace walling, and lofty piers flanking the approach from the forecourt. The two yews cut into cubes, with triple circles above, and birds on the top, are notable examples of the topiary art, and their quaintness is undeniable. Such works fall admirably into such a picture. Evidently the hand of the tree pruner is constantly at work here, with excellent result. The dense hedges cut to a gable shape at the top, which flank that beautiful grass walk leading from the house, are as good as can be found anywhere. Otherwise there is little formality in the place. Banks of rhododendrons and azaleas are a feature, and in the enclosed garden, where Canterbury bells are predominant, the hardy flowers backed by the yew hedges make delightful colour pictures from early spring until the last days of autumn have blown. The turf is excellent, and the trees are of great magnificence. The long occupation of the place by descendants of the builder has given it many possessors who have valued it and have delighted to adorn it. A fine old garden figure, a recumbent "nymph of the grot" with her water urn, remains to indicate somewhat what were the adornments of the garden in an earlier time.

Wickham Church, which is in the grounds, has been restored, and contains much stained glass, of which some is ancient and curious, as well as an oak reredos,

and a fine oak screen. It belongs to the late Perpendicular period, and has some interesting brasses. The lych-gate is picturesque, and the churchyard is surrounded by very fine elms.

It will be seen that Wickham Court, though it lies within a few miles of St. Paul's, still retains, and we may hope long will continue to do so, all the excellent features of an old country mansion, dignified by its antiquity, and valued and adorned in existing times. Gilbert West extolled this place for its country delights, and yet for its nearness to the town, and he placed upon a summer-house there a verse by Decimus Magnus Ausonius, with an English rendering, which may be quoted appropriately.

"Not wrapt in smoky London's sulphurous clouds,  
And not far distant stands my rural cot;  
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,  
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

"And when too much  
repose brings on  
the spleen,  
Or the gay city's  
idle pleasures  
cloy;  
Swift as my changing  
wish, I change  
the scene,  
And now the  
country, now  
the town enjoy."

Such, indeed, may be counted an advantage of a country house within easy reach of the metropolis. The dwellers at Wickham have certainly nothing to remind them, in that lovely country, of the noise and bustle thereof. About them the luxuriant woods, the breezy commons, and the rich pastures, all present the character of



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RELIC OF AN OLD GARDEN.

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A GRASS WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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A ROSE WALK.

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country life, and it is a thing not to be under-valued that such an ancient house as Wickham Court should, from Tudor times to these days, have been preserved so near to the fringe of London town.

## IN THE GARDEN.

NOTES ON SOME GOOD HARDY FLOWERS.

THE following are the names of a few hardy plants of much beauty in spring:

*Hyacinthus aureus* var. *amphibolis*.—A well-known hardy flower gardener writes about this as follows: "Those who recognise the value of *Hyacinthus aureus* for naturalising in grass, or for clothing stretches of flat rockwork, will be glad to learn something of this giant form. The spikes are 8 in. high, and bear heavy heads of some fifty bells, rather paler in colour than those of the type, due doubtless to the whitish margins of the petal lobes. From two to three spikes are produced by each adult bulb, and the comparatively great height of these, and the larger bells, make this variety better than the type for planting in grass, as the spikes and leafage are carried well above the blades. The bulbs are unusually large, but increase slowly. On the other hand—and this is more desirable—the plants ripen quantities of good seeds, which require no harvesting, as they are quite capable of germinating in all but the strongest grass land. This variety begins to flower at the same time as the type, but lasts a fortnight or three weeks longer."

*Muscari paradoxum*.—The same writer sends a note about this beautiful Grape Hyacinth: "The so-called black Grape Hyacinth, though inferior to *Muscari conicum* as a garden plant, is so interesting in colour that it is worth planting for this reason alone. It is a giant of its race; the flower-stems grow quite a foot in height, and bear conical spikes of blue-black tubular flowers that open just sufficiently to reveal the citron-yellow colouring of the interior and the yellow anthers. The spikes average 3 in. in length, and the pedicels and upper portions of the stems are deep blue. The buds, as they pierce the soil, are as black as ink, the blue sheen being only noticeable when the flowers are fully expanded, the intense black colour reappearing as the flowers age. It is a strong-growing species, with stout erect glaucous leafage; the bulbs are very large, and the plant is more suitable for the border than the *Muscari* in general, on account of its vigorous growth. It may be increased freely from seeds, sparsely by means of offsets, whilst mature bulbs are very inexpensive. Its singular colour is intensified if the plant is associated with some light green creeping plant. There are three forms of *M. paradoxum*, varying only in flower colouring."

*Arabis alba* fl. pl.—We have seen this charming plant on many occasions, and it was exhibited on several stands at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society in the Drill Hall. It is very free, even more so than the well-known parent, and grows with remarkable vigour, spreading out and forming a dense mat of perfectly double flowers, each like a little rosette, and pure as driven snow. It may be thoroughly recommended for the rock garden or the border, and is rapidly becoming as great a favourite as the older

form, which we treasure for its abundant flowering and vigour even in poor soils.

*Alyssum saxatile* fl. pl.—This is another double-flowered hardy plant, a variety of the well-known Gold Dust, which makes clouds of yellow colouring on rock, bank, and border at this season. An enthusiastic grower of hardy flowers writes about the double *Alyssum* as follows: "It is hardly possible to improve upon the brilliant single *Alyssum saxatile*, or Gold Dust, which is so fine in the border or on the rockery in April and May. In some respects one cannot say that the new double form is an improvement upon the type, but the longer time it lasts without casting its petals is an advantage not to be despised in many places where a long effect is desired. It is very pleasing with its long corymbs of golden flowers, which, by the way, look wonderfully dark after dusk when contrasted with the white of the *Arabis* or the Candytuft. Although this double *Alyssum* cannot be raised from seed like the single-flowered form, it is readily propagated by cuttings, either taken off with a heel, as in the old-fashioned way, or cut off square and put under a handlight, and a large stock can soon be raised." This and the double *Arabis* should be tried in walls. A mass of the *Alyssum* and *Arabis* would be a beautiful picture at this time.

CYDONIA JAPONICA AND ITS VARIETIES.

The Cydonia, or Japanese Quince, is in spring one of the most beautiful shrubs in the garden. We are familiar with many beautiful masses, sometimes in simple groups on the lawn or against the house wall, where in a warm sunny corner flowers appear in quite winter-time, when those in more exposed positions are scarcely in bud. Mr. Waterer of Knaphill recently sent the writer a series of interesting seedlings, a remarkable range of colours, from almost a soft apricot to intense scarlet, and amongst them that prince of all the race, the Knaphill Scarlet, which one may regard as the most valuable of all, for the reason that the flowers are of intense colouring and shine amongst the green leafage. The Cydonia is also called *Pyrus*, and under this heading is included in many catalogues and books, and rightly so, because following the most recent classification. *P. Maulei* is a delightful shrub, even more welcome than *P. japonica*; it is dwarf, and has thick clusterings of flowers of an orange-scarlet colour, followed by golden-yellow fruits, the size of small apples, in the autumn. The following note which we have received about the Cydonias may be interesting. It refers particularly to Cydonia (or *Pyrus*) *japonica* Simoni:

"For depth of flower colouring *C. japonica* Simoni surpasses all others. Its flowers are more vivid than those of the old *C. japonica*; in fact, the colour is quite blood-red, reminding one of zonal *Geranium* Henry Jacoby. The flowers are also semi-double. Both *C. japonica* and *C. Maulei*, with their varied offspring, are a beautiful class of flowering shrubs. How well they succeed as bushes! And they are excellent for planting where *Narcissi* abound, their flowering period being simultaneous. If one has the patience to train a strong shoot in order to form a half-standard, the fine drooping head of the variety first named, and also any of the others, would be novel and attractive. They may even be grafted standard high upon the Quince stock. *C. japonica* alba has pretty pinkish white flowers, but for purity of colouring *C. j. nivalis* is the one, although its flowers are not so large as those of *C. j. alba*. An effort is being made on the part of raisers to improve the very distinct Cydonia Maulei, the latest kind being *C. Maulei grandiflora* perfecta. In this latter (which was exhibited recently at the Drill Hall) the brilliant orange-red colour is very clear and perfectly distinct. It is said that certain purveyors offer good prices for the fruit of *C. Maulei* for preserving. All the Cydonias are easily propagated by layering. If this method of increase be adopted they should be layered into 5 in. pots. Another way of increase is to cut up the roots into small pieces and dibble them round the side of a pot, which should be plunged in a gentle



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CHURCH IN THE GROUNDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bottom heat. This plan is adopted when a particular variety is scarce. For wild garden planting a number of seedlings of *C. japonica* should be planted, as they produce a wonderfully wide range of colour, and are a never-failing source of interest during their flowering period."

#### THE ROSE AND ITS ENEMIES.

Those who are most diligent now in their search for the little pests that work such havoc with Rose buds will reap their full reward. Rosarians who prune hard are happy in knowing that they cut past the growths in which the eggs are deposited, or, at least, in a great measure, but it will not do to rest too much on this fact. When we know the immense harm one little grub will work, it is necessary to be watchful. Many a promising bud that would perhaps earn a medal has been spoilt by the little wriggling maggot. When disturbed, the pests will, if possible, drop out of sight, but they are provided with a marvellously fine cord on which they return to storm the citadel unless pinched to death. This year on pot plants they have been very troublesome, and a word of timely warning should suffice.

#### A NOTE ON HARDY CACTI.

The strange and picturesque hardy Cacti are arousing interest, and in many English gardens they have a little garden to themselves, a Cacti garden, interesting at all times, and a blaze of colour when the flowers of the various Cacti are in full beauty. Since the high regions of the Western and Southern States of North America have been more thoroughly explored, quite a number of true Alpine Cacti have been discovered, some of them being already in English gardens. The only difficulty in the way of successful culture here is the extremely damp climate in winter. Early spring is the best time for planting, choosing either a sunny, well-drained border, rock garden, bank, or wall, in a mixture of soil consisting principally of bits of porous stone, sand, gravel, or broken bricks and loam. The *Mamillarias*, *Cereus*, and *Echinocactus* should be protected with pieces of glass during the winter to keep them dry. This prevents rot through damp. The

*Opuntias* are the commonest and best-known of hardy Cacti, and the following are the most familiar of the family: *O. vulgaris* is a prostrate plant with jointed stems and minute leaves with bristly axils and sometimes spines. The flowers are imbricated and rose coloured, whilst the fruit consists of an edible berry. This *Opuntia* is common over the extreme South of Europe, near the coast, and grows in rocky or sandy soil. This and other allied species of *Opuntia* are favourite plants for groups in the southern parts of France and over the greater part of Italy and Spain, especially as they need little more than planting and keeping in order; they flower in early summer. *O. Rapesquii* is larger and taller. This is a well-known *Opuntia*, and is

probably the most popular of all. It has large joints and larger flowers than those of *O. vulgaris*, whilst the centre is reddish coloured. This also flowers in summer, and is a native of Italy. *O. missouriensis* has broad obovate joints and small leaves, with tufts of spines and bristles upon the axils. The pale yellow flowers appear during early summer, and, like the former, a dry and sandy soil and sunshine are essential. *O. Engelmanni* is more bushy, and has branched stems with obovate joints from 6 in. to 18 in. in length furnished with bundles of spines. The pretty bright yellow flowers are about 4 in. across. This comes from the Western States of North America, and flowers during early summer. *O. pulchella* is quite dwarf, with slender joints, numerous spines, and bright purple handsome flowers. It is one of the most distinct and desirable of the alpine *Opuntias*, and thrives best in poor sandy soil. *O. echinocarpa*, although without showy flowers, which are of a quiet greenish yellow, is sufficiently attractive for the Cacti garden through its silky white coated spines. It is about a foot high, and comes from the plains and mountains of Colorado and Arizona. None of the *Opuntias* suffer from drought, but succumb in winter to damp unless covered with glass.

*Cereus*.—This family is quite distinct from the *Opuntia*, the succulent plants being usually columnar, short or tall, often ribbed or angled, with bundles of spines or bristles on the ribs. The flowers usually open in sunlight, but close when the weather is dull. *C. Engelmanni* is one of the best known. It has white spines and large handsome deep purple flowers in June, whilst it is found in the Western States of North America. *C. Emoryi* is cylindrical, with straight yellow spines and clusters of flowers on one side of the tip of the stems.

*Mamillaria*.—This group is distinguished by succulent globose stems and small flowers. *M. arizonica* has large and showy deep rose-coloured flowers. It has long and straight spines, the exterior ones white and the few inner ones deep brown. *M. setispina* has white spines and rose-coloured flowers.

*Echinocactus cylindraceus* is a handsome Cactus with reddish spines and small greenish-coloured flowers. This group is quite as easily managed as any of the others, but dislikes winter damp.

*Echinocereus* group greatly resembles the *Cereus* and the *Echinocactus*; in fact, there is only a thin line between the two families. One of the best known is *E. Fendleri*, which has large magenta-red flowers.

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## THE LASSOOING OF POACHERS.

TOD sat nicely balanced on the window-sill of his bedroom, and spoke in an anxious whisper to something that hung and rustled in the ivy below.

"Are you all right, Dick?"

"Rather," called Dick, softly, as he reached the ground. "Come on!"

Tod would gladly have remained, but a sincere desire to outwit Squire Boodeney, the author of their imprisonment on a night when there was to be a regular chase of poachers, propelled him into the first branches of the ivy. Next moment there was a snap, and Tod had also reached earth. He lay thinking till Dick assured him that no bones were broken, and that if he didn't hurry they would be late at the larch-spinney. Then they moved forward in Indian file, Dick whispering directions.

"We've got to find out where our people are first. They were going to make a cordon round Mile End coverts, and I want to know where the poachers will break out. Then we'll stand by and noose 'em."

This was simple, as Dick's schemes usually were. The difficulty was how to be unobserved by Tod's father, Mr. Wilton, who had planned the expedition. For their services and their lassos had been absolutely rejected, though Major Cullimore, who was going to form one of the party had been, as usual, very decent and much impressed by their practice at a tree-stump.

It was Squire Boodeney's fault in the end. He was a fat pompous man with an irascible temper, who had joined the others just before they started unexpectedly, while Mr. Wilton was wavering. He declared that if those boys were going, he was not. Nobody wanted him to go, but Tod in his wrath unfortunately said so. He was promptly marched to his room and locked in for the night. Mr. Wilton had forgotten the ivy and the possibility of Dick's climbing in by the ledge and inciting Tod to further mutiny. Nor could he have guessed as, together with Major Cullimore and the others, he arranged his trap for the poachers that Dick and Tod were advancing rapidly into the centre of the cordon.

"We'll have to be jolly careful not to be collared," Dick was saying. "So keep your eye on my trail, young Tod."

"All right," said Tod. "But it's dark!"

Certainly it was not light by the paths Dick elected to follow. The trees took strange shapes and threw distorted shadows, and for a hunter and ambuscader Tod was absurdly possessed by the idea that hidden foes lurked in every piece of brushwood. A crackle of twigs or the sound of a rabbit pattering off to its burrow set him all on edge, and crossing an open field in its shimmer of silver grass he felt indescribably exposed.

"Better now," said Dick, breathing more freely as they plunged into the woods once more.

"Ye—es," agreed Tod, and gave an involuntary leap at the crack of a gun in their near neighbourhood, followed by the dead fall of a cock pheasant.

"Look!" whispered Dick.

Through the trees they could see three men crawling along among the bushes to where the bird lay. Almost before they knew whether these were poachers or pursuers, they heard foot-steps immediately behind them, and someone giving directions—"Barker, take the right; Johns, you and Mappin keep left—and don't let 'em get through, by Gad! I'm going right up to challenge them."

"Take a care they doant fire on yew, Squire."

"Fire on me? I should like to see the man that—"

The rest was lost in the distance. But the gruff fury and domineering of the tones were unmistakeable. It was Squire Boodeney, and he was just in their rear. What seemed worse was that he and his men took them for poachers. At this very moment in fact Dick and Tod were being enfiladed, while the real poachers were just ahead of them again, and would probably escape sniggering while the boys suffered capture. In this dilemma Tod looked to Dick anxiously for directions.

"Snake-crawl!" whispered Dick, going down on his hands and knees.

He moved forward, serpentine, and Tod followed.

Now, whatever Red Indians may be capable of, it is one thing to practise the snake-crawl in broad daylight on an open piece of turf, where you can see obstacles plainly and avoid the more wriggly things, but it is another to do it in earnest in the pitch dark, in a wood that seems made up of crackles, where at each forward movement of the hands you fancy yourself touching some earwig or scurrying cock-roachy creature. This difference may have accounted for Tod's clumsiness in a manœuvre which he had studied with some care.

It was, he averred later, a centipede that made him jump in a manner so unlike a snake. A dried branch snapped like a small pistol.

Instantly there came a challenge:

"Hands up now, and come out of that!"

It was the squire's voice. But Tod flattened himself, in obedience to a whisper from Dick, barely visible a yard ahead.

"Are you coming, my man?"

Tod forgot that snakes should not answer, and called back "No," obstinately. Just then, as luck would have it the poachers, ignorant of what was going on about them and heedless of danger, fired two shots in quick succession. One of them winged a bird just overhead, and it flopped down not far from where Tod was crouching. It was too much for the squire's equanimity, and he let off his own

gun in the direction of the sound. Tod felt his hair stiffen as the shot whizzed over his head.

"Now, you rascals," shouted the squire, "it's your last chance! Are you coming out?"

The question was hardly out of his mouth, and Tod in the last state of despair, when there was a sudden commotion ahead of them. The poachers had become aware that they were not alone.

The keeper on the right had started them off, and he was hailing the squire.

"This way, sir! We've got 'em here!"

"They're nearer me!" retorted the squire.

"No, sir; this way, sir, I think," said the keeper. "You come straight ahead, sir."

The squire bellowed indignantly, and came trampling through the wood like a rhinoceros. The boys held their breath in a fear of discovery, but the squire was evidently persuaded that he had been mistaken and went blundering past. They saw him loom by through a patch of starlight and disappear.

"You are a fathead, young Tod!" said Dick indignantly, but with relief. "It was the narrowest shave for being taken."

"I forgot," said Tod, apologetically.

"Well," said Dick, "they've routed 'em out now; and the question is what are we going to do? You see, the poachers are on the run, and that means they'll have to get out of this wood somewhere. But which way will they choose?"

It wasn't easy to decide. The wood was full of noises, scuffling feet and splitting twigs, and the swish of the men breaking the bushes; loud cries and counter-cries, all vague and confused, and then again the report of a gun, whether from the attackers or the attacked it was impossible to say.

"The major said that none of us ought to carry guns, because it was a bad example," remarked Dick; "but old Boodeney doesn't seem to mind shooting much—not that he can shoot."

"It seemed to go through my hair," said Tod.

"Served you right for yelling out!" said Dick. "But look here, I'm not going to be out of it all. I vote we go up closer and see if we can mop up any of 'em as they come out. What I think is that they'll try and see who's guarding what, and then charge the easiest. Your pater and the major are behind, I expect, and Mr. Cavendish and Mr. Denton ought to be somewhere on the right and left; but it's awfully thick to get through, and if they begin running—I do hope they won't give up—they'll try and get on to a track."

"What then?" said Tom.

"Why," said Dick, "the only track through is the one the squire's gone up now. He'll probably miss 'em. Then they'll come charging down. We'll be ready, young Tod."

Dick gathered up the coils of his lasso in a scientific manner, and Tod followed suit nervously.

"Then we'd better get out on to the track?" he asked.

"Yes—quietly."

They groped for the track which they knew to be somewhere at hand, and happened on it without much difficulty. The starlight seemed a little stronger here, probably because the trees overhead were less thick than they had been off the road. As they moved along, the noises grew louder. Two or three guns went off in quick succession; someone shrieked, as if hurt; there were loud oaths, a noise as if a mixed wrestling, and then, quite suddenly, ahead of them, some way up the avenue, two or three men broke out, running. It was a critical moment, for they were plainly poachers, looking black and savage in the great chequered shadows thrown by the trees, and they were running their hardest towards the boys.

Tod gulped, and listened to Dick's directions.

"Get behind a tree, and stick there. Let the first chap go past, and fix the second. We may get two that way. Mind you jerk properly when you've roped him!"

The directions were simple and straightforward; worthy of Dick's generalship. But Tod rather wished, as he flung himself behind the elm which was nearest, that he had stayed in bed, or that they had waited a little further back, or that Dick rather than himself were stationed as the advance-guard. He could not see Dick now from where he was, but he knew him to be ensconced behind another tree about ten yards along the avenue. The poachers would reach Tod first. He was to let the first go by. He would indeed! But suppose the second saw him and stopped dead. They were armed with guns. All this flashed through Tod's head in a second or two, and, peeping out, he saw that they were coming up fast. His heart pattered to see them, and his left hand, that held the coils of the rope, shook a little.

There were only two coming that way, after all; the others must have darted to left or right. But Tod could see the two; also he could hear their fast breathing, that of the man behind particularly, who was evidently blown, for his companion was getting well ahead, running silently. Why, he was level with Tod even now! Tod shrank back in the shadows, and looked in Dick's direction to see if Dick was all ready. It seemed

almost next moment that the other came up—a heavy man, panting terribly, with his head down like a bull's, running for all he was worth, his gun shaking in his hand.

In another moment he would be past, and at the thought of missing him Tod's sporting instinct came to the surface. He stepped out of the shadow of his tree and threw. Never had he thrown better. The rope wound out; the loop settled beautifully over the man's head and dropped almost to his knees before Tod thought of tightening. A whoop from Dick at the same moment admonished him that the success was a double one. Tod started back with a jerk, and his quarry came to the ground heavily with a curse.

"Rope him up!" called Dick. "There's some more coming; but I expect it's our lot. We've got something to show 'em!"

"Rather!" said Tod. "Hooray!"

His excitement was vast, and he danced about cheering, jerking his captive down again and again as he tried to struggle to his knees, until the man gave up trying to move, and lay exhausted and growling.

Dick was doing the same by his victim, only more quietly.

"Hooray!" shouted Tod again.

He was in such a frenzy, playing as a cat with a mouse, that he hardly noticed the arrival of the others whom Dick had spoken of, and who came up from Dick's side—a shadowy company, consisting, as Dick saw, of Mr. Wilton, Major Cullimore, and two or three keepers.

"Who are you?" called Mr. Wilton, flourishing a lantern, but unable to distinguish faces in the darkness.

"Now, my men," he went on, "it's no good struggling! We've—"

"All right, Mr. Wilton," said Dick; "we've got 'em!"

"Hooray!" cried Tod, away to the right, running round his prisoner.

"What the—what's this?" cried Mr. Wilton, angrily. "You here, Dick? you, Tod? I thought I left you in—"

"We've got 'em, dad!" said Tod, too excited to be alarmed.

"Lassoed 'em!" Dick explained.

The major had relieved Mr. Wilton of the lantern, and was flashing it on to Dick's prisoner.

"By jove, Wilton," he cried, "so they have—the young scamps—they've done more than we have anyhow. Squire Boodeney 'll be awful jealous of them. Dick's got a poacher right enough. Skelton, my man, I've seen you before; what have you taken to poaching for, eh? And Tod's got another, has he?"

"Yes," said Dick, and the major moved forward with the lantern, while the keepers tied Dick's captive's hands.

"Who have you got, Tod?" he cried; "a big one?"

"Fat enough," said Tod. "I don't know who it is, but he's jolly winded and sulky."

The major bent down and turned the lantern on to the second poacher. For a moment he said nothing, then the others saw the major double up as if in anguish, and burst into irresistible laughter, while a voice not to be mistaken grumbled breathlessly,

"If you scoundrels don't let me go at once, I'll—I'll—"

Tod had ceased from his caperings, and there was dead silence. Then Mr. Wilton turned his back, hurriedly, and one by one the keepers stepped away stuffing their handkerchiefs into their mouths. Tod, the major, and Tod's captive, gently kicking, were left alone. And the major said, in a low stifled voice, "Tod, you've noosed the squire!"

Tod knew it now. The squire in his enthusiasm had been chasing the poacher who fell to Dick's lasso, keeping up a gallant stern chase despite his asthmatical tendencies, and in the half-light Tod had been deceived. The rope fell from his hands, and his own knees felt weak.

"I—I think I'd better go," he said.

"I think you had," said the major. And he bent double again as if in pain. There were stifled sounds all round, and Mr. Wilton was leaning against a tree.

"I'll pay you a guinea, you confounded scamps, if you'll let me get up."

The squire was speaking again in a less ferocious voice. The major recovered himself with an effort.

"Bless my soul!" he said in a surprised tone. "It's—It's the squire." And he went on, consolingly. "What a shame. They must have tripped you up, eh? Never mind, squire, we've got one of these rascals, thanks to you. Wish we'd been nearer to assist."

"Wish you had," grunted the squire. "They must have pegged a rope across. No bones broken though, I think."

"Very glad to hear that," chimed in Mr. Wilton, and the keepers congratulated him with flattering voices, assisting in the deception.

But Dick and Tod were loping homeward with feelings of mixed exultation and fear. They had captured the only poacher taken that night, but also the only squire. They rather hoped he wouldn't recover.

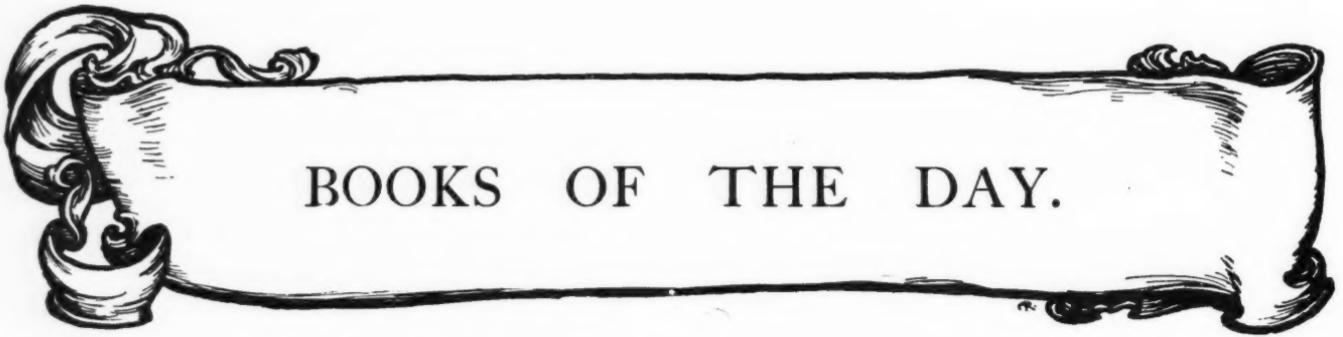
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THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

M. Emil Frechon.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE is a kind of anonymity which irritates because, not being anonymity, it is pointless. It is present on the title-page of *An Onlooker's Notebook* (Smith, Elder), by the author of "Collections and Recollections," a phrase which is followed by a quotation from Sydney Smith: "Another peculiarity of the Russells is, that they never alter their opinions; they are an excellent race, but they must be trepanned before they can be convinced." A more circuitous fashion of saying "G. W. E. Russell" it is impossible to conceive, and there is no point in the circumlocution. Mr. Russell is of at least respectable parentage—he is the youngest son of the sixth son of a Duke who was a Knight of the Garter. He has served his country zealously, according to his lights, in and out of Parliament, and, apart from "Collections and Recollections," he has written well on the late Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Matthew Arnold. Nor is this the only irritating point about a book of essays, more or less connected, which really reminds one very much of the curate's egg of fable, since it is very good indeed in parts, while in others it has a distinctly indifferent taste. His choice of subjects reminds one of a brilliant talker at a dinner-table who cannot be kept away from politics, which it is nearly always bad taste to discuss unless you are quite sure of your company, especially if the particular topic which you desire to bring forward is one which may cause pain. As one who respects the views of a Pro-Boer, albeit entirely unable to understand them, to the extent of keeping silent or changing the subject when he ventilates them in mixed company; as one who deemed "The Absent-minded Beggar" as vulgar a piece of catch-penny doggerel as ever came from a gifted brain; as one who has lost friends in this war, who has sympathised with those who mourned their nearest and dearest perished on the veldt, I resent bitterly this following piece of coarseness, be it original or quoted:

"Bull's son, Fool's son, son of a Scullionaire,  
Son of a Blither and Bellow-Along—every Ass his Bray!  
Squirting slime on a valiant foe, to show how much you dare—  
But what does the Good God think of you? Say, say, say!"

So I advise the reader of this book beforehand that, entertaining as it is, he will find in it many a sentence and many a sentiment which will wound him, not because it touches his conscience, but because it is savage, almost brutal, in its aggressiveness; and certainly who writes so fiercely as Mr. Russell does has no title to complain if even the meek reviewer, who is human and therefore entitled to love his country in his own way, emphasises his claim to have that love of country and his kind of it treated with common courtesy. Heaven forbid that Mr. Russell should be trepanned with a view to the mending of his opinions; but the operation might be recommended as a cure for his manners.

Mr. Russell is, after all, not so very old that he should pose as censor *morum*. He was born in 1853 only, and I, who am but four years younger, have moments in which I decline to recognise the arrival of middle age. But Mr. Russell has much of the "cocksureness," to use his own phrase, which permeated the thought of the middle period of the last century, its apostles being, according to him, "Mill and Herbert Spencer, Darwin and Huxley, Bright and Cobden, Macaulay and Froude." It is news indeed that Darwin, the most patient and humble of enquirers and investigators, was "cocksure." But no matter. Still this habit of mind, combined with the fact that he has known many great men whose experience went further back, does enable him to speak with an air of authority, and this is more easily borne when he addresses himself to the weaknesses of the day, of which we are all conscious, and not to our principles, which we cherish. Moreover, he points most of his censorious essays with an epigram or an anecdote. Thus in the essay on "Luxury and Simplicity" he joins Mr. Gladstone in condemning "imitative luxury," remarking: "A lady who has returned to London and Society, after many years of absence, said to me, 'I notice that girls marry nowadays on five hundred pounds a year, and each has a diamond tiara. In my day we didn't marry on so little, but we had no tiaras.' Which things are an allegory. If the girl's tiara is an attempt to make the world believe she is richer than she is, it is vulgar and odious. If it is simply a gratification of her æsthetic sense and

an adornment to the society in which she lives, it is natural and becoming." Indeed he is full of good stories. In the chapter "The Hope for Democracy," which opens with a confession of despair, he tells of a working man candidate who cried aloud: "Fellow-workmen! If you return me I can only serve you politically. I can't give you any blankets; I can't give you any game"; and of the answer, "Then you won't do here, old chap! You'd better try somewhere else." He has pointed anecdotes, culled from Disraeli and Greville for the most part, of George IV. and William IV., and from them he glides off into a highly appreciative and soberly profound survey of the position won by Queen Victoria, and to a forecast of the present reign. He firmly believes "that if we had been at liberty to elect a successor to Queen Victoria, King Edward would have polled every vote. He prophesies (what is in truth an accomplished fact) "a popular monarchy in a State where the Sovereign instinctively and always does the right thing," and quotes the remark of a very uncourtier-like Radical who, on seeing the King go up to Mrs. Gladstone and kiss her hand after the funeral in the Abbey, exclaimed "This atones for a great deal; I'll never say another word against him as long as I live." He foretells also a splendid monarchy, under a King who likes pomp (it would have been safer to say that he knows its practical effect) but will insist on having value for his money. He looks forward to an impartial monarchy, basing his view on what he knows of the King's conduct in the past, and to an active monarchy which is to gain much in strength from the continuous presence of the Court in London, at any rate during the session of Parliament. Praise from Mr. George William Erskine Russell is praise indeed.

From the Rose, to follow Mr. Russell's figure, we turn to Society which is next to the Rose. Of the Court as it was when the company at a Drawing Room numbered perhaps forty people, of the sayings of "Silly Billy" (William Duke of Gloucester), of the rudeness of William IV., of the rapid change for the better under Queen Victoria, he draws, with the help of Greville and Lord Beaconsfield, a sufficiently vivid picture. Then, Liberal in politics but an aristocrat to the tips of his fingers, he scarifies the peerage and its genealogies, laughing at the pedigrees in "Burke," or the "Annals of this or that titled family, compiled by its domestic chaplain"; reminding us of the daughter of an English Earl who was rejected by Viennese Society since, her grandmother's father having been a banker, she could not show the requisite sixteen quarterings; recalling the Bishop's son who described himself in a commercial advertisement as "the son of a well-known member of the House of Lords"; endorsing Mr. J. Horace Round's account of the Duke of Bedford as descendant of a Poole fishmonger, and of the Duke of Devonshire as possessed of a body-servant of Wolsey for ancestor. He does not, as has been seen, even spare his own family. Then, after a while, he falls upon the foibles of Society, beginning with superstition, and making great merriment of a "lorn and serpentine lady, exactly like Gwendolen in 'Daniel Deronda,'" who made rather a mess of an account of a revelation. He goes on to tell how Bishop Wilberforce "had a splendid story about the ghost of a priest, and a sliding panel, and a concealed confession; but, after it had thrilled unnumbered country houses, he unkindly avowed that he had invented it in order to test the credulity of his hearers." He has a great story, too, of a clairvoyante and vegetarian, who was also a Christian Scientist, who justified her prediction that a patient would die by taking away the beef-tea prescribed for him by the doctor and substituting apple-juice and water.

Next, after a dissertation on the decay of Sunday observance, our moralist and satirist combined goes on to "Charity, Credit, and Cards," and tells us that, in his youth (which, after all, was not so long ago) "The Profession" meant "the nomad tribe of impecunious youths who, being too indolent to follow any recognised vocation, lived on charity and credit, their own wits and the witlessness of their friends." The volume of that profession is, I fancy, exaggerated, but all the same there is a great deal of humour in the story of the poor practitioner at cards who married his daughter to a rich man, then taught her to play *écarté*, and let her pay her losses to him through her husband's cheque. Bridge, by the way, Mr. Russell thinks to be waning in

popularity; which is not my experience. Next to come under the lash is "Social Journalism," and it deserves it, as a flagrant case has shown recently; but in describing the men and women who practise it, Mr. Russell creates one or two types that are not true to life, in my experience, which in this matter is wider than his. Servants, he says, have been ousted from their position of spies upon their masters. I can tell him, on the other hand, a true tale of a respectable Pressman, asking for perfectly legitimate information from a Duke's footman being repulsed with the words: "It's all in the——long ago." He is a little too hard also on the "Writing Woman," and perhaps on the "Racing Woman" also. Hedonism he introduces by a story of an Oxford professor who asked his pupils whether a *sovereign* would be best expended on twenty pocket volumes of Shakespeare or on *twenty bottles of champagne!* Drunkenness, also, he ushers in with a lovely anecdote of the youth who, being told that his habits had ruined the coat of his stomach, vowed that "the beggar must work in his shirt-sleeves"; and on this habit of drinking, particularly among women and at ladies' clubs, Mr. Russell is not reassuring. Love of publicity and effeminacy are scourged; the decay of decorum is deplored; London is *Cloaca Maxima*; and yet, in some brief concluding chapters, which space will not permit me to treat at length, Mr. Cassandra Russell, if I may so style him by reason of what has gone before, sees some hope for the generation, and accepts Mr. Bowen's lines in the old Harrow song:

"But I think all this is a lie,  
you know—  
I think all this is a lie;  
For the hero-race may come  
and go,  
But it doesn't exactly die."

Exactly. And the lesson which Mr. Russell's book teaches us is that there is no truth in a one-sided picture. But the volume, in spite of faults of taste and exaggeration, is well worth reading for its moral lessons, as well as for its myriad humorous reminiscences. CYGNUS.

"WOODSIDE FARM," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford (Duckworth). A note facing the title page informs the reader that this story was called "Margaret Vincent" when it appeared in serial form, and that Messrs. Harper are publishing it by that name in America. This is all very fine, but the casual wayfarer, who, knowing Mrs. Clifford as the author of numerous stories of considerable merit, buys *Woodside Farm*, and then opens it in the train to find that it is only "Margaret Vincent," which he has read already, will be apt to say unkind things; and there need not be any hesitation in saying that these sudden changes of title, which appear to have no reason or explanation, ought in common honesty to be advertised on the cover. All the same, to give the devil his due, *Woodside Farm* is not a bad story of a man of high rank who was ordained, and then had doubts, and left the Church, whose name was Gerald Vincent. Gerald, after leaving the Church, wandered about the world for some time, and then buried himself in the seclusion of a farmhouse in Sussex, or Hampshire, or Surrey—for the neighbourhood described is that in which the three counties meet—and married the widow who kept the farmhouse. She had a beautiful daughter, too, and the first meeting between her and his friends and flames of old time in London is distinctly well described. So, in fact, are the human personalities in this book; but it fails in one notable respect. Taken for all in all, Mrs. Clifford, clever woman as she is, completely fails to portray the atmosphere of the country. And this renders the change of title the more indefensible. Of course there may be a defence. For example, the title "Margaret Vincent" may have been used already in England. But if that be the defence, it should certainly have been made.

*Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales* (George Newnes) is by the author of "His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII.," and the author of that work was Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. It is a careful compilation of all that is known publicly of the lives of their Royal Highnesses, and is distinctly valuable for purposes of reference.

*The Path to Rome*, by Hilaire Belloc (George Allen), is a distinctly clever, gossipy look of travel, marred by affectation. I give a passage from the Preface (which is entitled "Praise of this Book") by way of illustration: "Now, there is another thing book-writers do in their Prefaces, which is to introduce a mass of nincompoops of whom no one ever heard, and to say 'my thanks are due to such and such' all in a litany, as though anyone cared a

farthing for the rats! If I omit this, believe me it is but on account of the multitude and splendour of those who have attended at the production of this volume, for the stories in it are copied straight from the best authors of the Renaissance, the music was written by the masters of the eighteenth century, the Latin is Erasmus's own—indeed, there is scarcely a word that is mine. I must also mention the Nine Muses, the Three Graces, Bacchus, the Menads, the Panthers, the Fauns; and I owe very hearty thanks to Apollo." In spite of this, however, the book is worth reading. But it is a pity that Mr. Belloc, who has read a great deal and knows a great deal, should take so much trouble to rub his readers the wrong way.

Messrs. Freemantle's Winchester edition of *The Compleat Angler*, by Mr. G. A. B. Dewar, comes out so very shortly after another beautiful edition from the same house that there is really little to be said on the subject, save that this edition is in two volumes, nobly printed, with some fine illustrations by W. Strang and D. Y. Cameron, including a portrait by the former, which we are kindly permitted to reproduce. Sir Edward Grey contributes a little essay which makes one understand, nearly as well as one may from reading the original text, how this "discourse" seems to be music and charms me to an attention."

The first of the eleven new volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which comes from Printing House Square, contains no less than 808 pages with double columns, and it does not quite exhaust the letter A, for it gets no further than Australia, which clearly leaves a large number of important subjects which begin with the first letter of the Alphabet. To review such a work otherwise than at great length is clearly impossible, and all that can be done is to express a general opinion that the experts on various subjects who have been enrolled in the positive army of contributors have done their work remarkably well. The Preface itself is distinctly an interesting document, although it undoubtedly takes something for granted. "In the United Kingdom alone more than fifty thousand persons possess the Ninth Edition, and regard it as the most authoritative work of reference. In the United States more than four hundred thousand copies have been purchased. There are, however, in all parts of the English-speaking world a vast body of men who habitually use the work, and all await the appearance of a complement to its contents." This passage is somewhat difficult to follow in more ways than one. First, it does not make it quite clear whether the fifty thousand persons here and the four hundred thousand persons across the Atlantic, many of whom, of course, are corporations, are possessors of the original edition or purchasers of the re-issue which has been made mainly from Printing House Square during recent years. Second, it is hardly just to assume that any person who has bought, under the attraction of alluring advertisements, does, as a matter of fact, regard it as the most authoritative work of reference or use it habitually. Indeed, it would be idle to deny that there are many persons who complain not only that the Ninth Edition was ill-edited, but also that when they purchased it they were not aware that they were buying anything quite so old. For this there was not the

slightest excuse, for the language of the advertisements, which I studied closely at the time, was perfectly plain; and the only reasons why I did not buy were (1) a doubt whether I wanted the Ninth Edition, (2) a fear that I could not store it, (3) an apprehension that I might not be able to afford it. Without a doubt, with the supplementary volumes, it will be far and away the best book of reference in the world. The authority of the contributors is, in most cases, simply unquestionable. Look, for example, at the authors of articles in this first supplementary volume. Mr. F. A. Eaton, secretary of the Royal Academy, treats that subject. Sir Walter Finmore writes upon Admiralty Jurisdiction, Mr. Otto Hehner of adulteration, and the past president of the Society of Public Analysts knows more about this subject than anybody living, except some grocers and some milkmen, and they will not tell. To pass on, we have Mr. P. Anderson Graham, who has made a special study of the subject, on allotments; excellent articles on agriculture by Mr. W. Fram of the *Times*, whose articles in that journal are always noteworthy; and by Dr. Charles W. Dabney of Tennessee, whose name is a password in the States. No man can speak of Anthropology with better authority than Professor Tylor, and if Lord Rayleigh does not know all about Argon it is quite certain that nobody else does. Athletic sports find a sympathetic and competent analyst in Mr. Montague Shearman for England, while Mr. Walter Camp contributes for the United States. Let it be added that Dr. Arthur Shadwell, who has a very pretty wit of his own in the ordinary way, treats of Appendicitis. I welcome this article with real joy, because it is my experience that the subject, albeit closely akin to the disgusting, is fashionable at dinner-tables. It will be a real comfort



THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

to me to be able to talk about this strange disease on the basis of information contained in Dr. Shadwell's article, the more so as his facts, discreetly used, will be able to lead to a change of subject. Quite seriously, the whole is a monumental work of inestimable value.

Everyone will welcome the seventh edition, thoroughly revised, of the Badminton volume on Golf (Longmans). The editor is Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson, amateur champion of 1886 and 1887, who is still a regular player, and besides that, with the doubtful exception of Mr. Andrew Lang, the most entertaining writer on the subject. This is said deliberately, in spite of the fact that the volume contains contributions from the late Sir Walter Simpson, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. H. S. Everard, and others. Even those who already possess the volume and are familiar with it will read with keen interest the little additions that have been made in the standard book on the subject, and particularly the interesting chapter upon some celebrated golfers, to which a pathetic interest attaches from the proper prominence which is given to the late Mr. F. G. Tait, of whom a portrait is included. "In him," writes Mr. Hutchinson, "perished a gallant soldier, who, by universal consent, has never been equalled in Scottish amateur ranks." Mr. Balfour contributes the concluding chapter on the humours of golf, and very good it is, being illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss. But, after all, there is nothing new to be said about this volume, which is well known already.

*The Call to Arms*, 1900-1901, by Mr. Henry Seton-Karr, M.P. (Longmans), is a useful record, concerned mainly with the raising of the Sharpshooters, by one who had a large share in it. Entertaining it can perhaps hardly be called, although the last chapter, entitled "War-talk," is a cleverly-written dialogue, which ends in the right spirit: "On the whole, we have been having a square stand-up fight, the best both sides know how, according to their respective lights, and that's all very well and right. Let the best-civilised and strongest nation win and keep it so. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that that sort of thing is part of the discipline of mankind while he is on this footstool, and intended as such by the Almighty, and it leaves no sore behind that time will not heal. A few years hence all pro-Boer romance will have been lived down and forgotten, and a united and prosperous British South Africa, the realisation of the dream and lifework of Cecil Rhodes and others like him, will bear witness to the White Man's Faith."

*The Oxford Point of View* (Alden and Company, Oxford) makes its bow. It is to appear twice a term, it is to represent every form of opinion (which suggests that it might have been called "Oxford Points of View"), and it is to contain none but signed contributions. That, I take leave to remark, is a great pity, for these young gentlemen would certainly write more freely, and perhaps in a more natural tone, if they also wrote anonymously. The venture is, on the whole, promising; but it is marked by that tendency to despair of the generation and to take a sad view of things which is characteristic of extreme youth. Mr. G. R. Foss, for example, discourses on the decay of the art of acting. Middle-aged men will be disposed to think that, after all, we have a few sound actors left and several first-rate actresses. Mr. F. Stewart writes what is called an "Episode," which has nothing on earth to do with Oxford or with a point of view. It begins: "They had only been married a month when she died." It ends: "They buried him beside his Mary, talked about him for a week, and subscribed for another wreath, which, as the concierge again remarked, measured quite two metres." Then comes a poem about a dead girl. This is the kind of thing:

"What avail that we wept  
Over her—dead?  
Sad vigil once she kept  
Uncomforted."

And so on, and so on. On the whole, the *Oxford Point of View* will redeem



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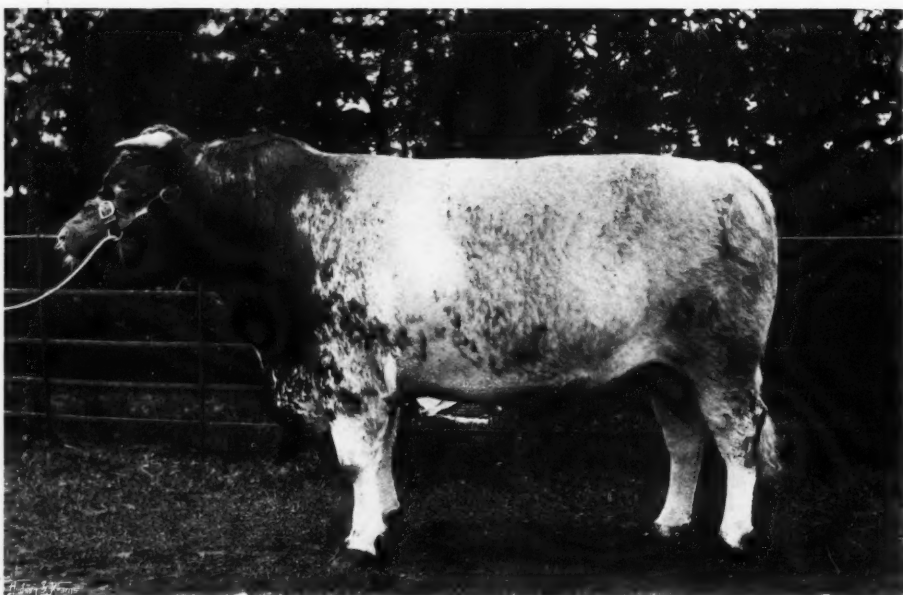
"COUNTRY LIFE."

its early promise if it will brighten itself up a little. Otherwise it is not long for this world.

*Romantic Ballads* is one of those charming little volumes in soft leather which are issued from Messrs. Newnes, with nice illustrations by Mr. Reginald Savage. It contains a large number of old favourites, such as "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," "The Nut-Brown Maid," which is very properly spelt "The Not-Browne Mayd," and a number of others. No editor's name is given, and it is therefore impossible to blame anybody in particular for the fact that the names of the authors of the ballads are not stated. Probably the reason may be that the editor, like myself, can identify some, but not all, of the writers. In a preliminary note, he does thank some living authors, but there is surely something wanting—to wit, the letter D—in the thanks to Mr. John Davison for permission to include in this collection "A Ballad of Hell."

## THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW SEASON.

WITH the opening of the Otley Show in Yorkshire, the Somersetshire Show at Taunton, and that of the Oxfordshire Society at Witney, we may be said to have thoroughly entered into the season for such exhibitions. Already we know enough to assert that the competition this year is going to be keener than ever. Scarcely a month passes without the ranks of the breeders



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SILVER MINT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of pedigree stock receiving new recruits. The fashion continually tends to spread; and where there was one establishment of the kind fifteen or twenty years ago, there are at least half-a-dozen now. It is a fashion, and a very pleasant and wholesome one, that continues to spread among country gentlemen. Of its extension competitors are but too well aware, since it makes the winning of cups and prizes annually more difficult. But also it makes it more honourable, for only animals of the very highest class now have a chance. It is a common occurrence that beasts which would have been almost sure of a prize some years ago are now walked out of the ring on a first inspection. The expert describes them as good, useful animals, and has done. He who would figure as a prominent winner must give his whole mind and energy to the business. No sooner is one competition settled than he begins to prepare for that which is still twelve months ahead. It is not easy to describe the qualities that ensure success. There is no golden rule about stock-breeding. Unlimited wealth is far from being enough in itself to ensure success. You may obtain sires and dams of the very best possible strain, and match them most carefully, yet fail most ignominiously in the show-yard, or at most fluke a casual success once in a blue moon. Nor is it any more certain to pay enormous prices for great winners, and then show them—a somewhat ignominious procedure



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LORD ROBERTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

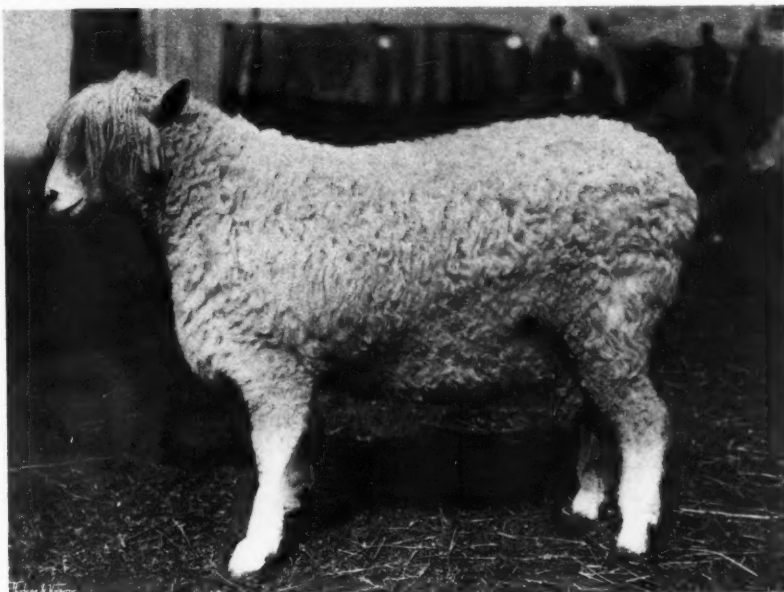
to our mind. A careful following up, for instance, of the careers of animals sold at a very high rate does not tend to the belief that the new owners always get the worth of their money. Take the case of a Shire horse bought for, say, two thousand guineas. Before such a price is either asked or offered it is certain to have done all that it possibly can do in the way of winning prizes. All the new owner can do is to keep it up to something like its old form. This is not always easy. The man who parted with it probably understood his animal thoroughly, and managed to bring it out at its best, so that all the chances are in favour of its losing instead of gaining ground. In a word, it is a kind of squeezed lemon. Nor does it follow that the winning show-yard horse or mare is equally good at stud. Indeed, it is not in the least likely to be, unless its owner has that given-from-heaven instinct that tells him how to mate his stock. Rules on this point are worse than useless. The whole thing is a trick of the eye. At the best, winning by dint of a long purse is the triumph of brute force. By far the more interesting as well as the more lucrative alternative is to go among breeders on the look-out for an undeveloped animal that has the makings of greatness in it. Only no one can do that who has not a ripe judgment, and the courage to trust to it. Every owner, nay, every agent of an owner, is capable of it, and any attempt to buy young stock, not on reputation only, but on an opinion that must be very often formed *Athanasius contra mendum*, is pretty certain to end in disaster. These are generalisations from what one sees going on day by day in the world of pedigree stock. After all, it must be admitted that the most satisfactory method of procedure is to follow the example set by the late Queen Victoria, and show only what is bred on the estate—a counsel of perfection, perhaps, but none the worse for that.

If our shows do nothing else, they at least prove beyond cavil that breeding prize stock is a personal accomplishment. We invite anyone who doubts it to examine the beautiful heifer Orleans Queen that was first and champion at Witney. Early last year her owner, Lord Rothschild, dispersed by sale what was, perhaps, the finest herd of Jersey cattle ever known in England. He at that time promised not to exhibit for a year. The period of abrogation is past, and the welcome appearance of this graceful heifer, almost a perfect model of what a milch cow should be, proves, if proof were necessary, that nothing matters so much as the skill of the breeder. In other words, this is a triumph for Mr. Richardson Carr. Mr. Leopold Rothschild's young short-horn bull, Silver Mint, enforces the same moral. Here you have a most typical example of the butcher's beast. And to place these animals in contrast, and see exactly what are the essential differences between them, is an eloquent lesson in the understanding of cattle. We show also a typical Hereford bull in the shape of Mr. E. D. Faber's Lord Roberts—he was first and reserve for championship, as the best beast in the show, an honour thoroughly deserved. We have space for only one more illustration, and have selected for it a splendid Cotswold ram, Mr. Russell Swanwick's, chiefly for the reason that Cotswolds just now have fallen into a disfavour that is not altogether merited. Of course the reason lies in a general repugnance to fat mutton and

large joints. Some years ago when Cotswolds were in the highest vogue, public taste was not so fastidious. Yet to grumble at it would be idle. The public is more impassive than Cæsar, and the breeder must bow to its mandates. Yet it is most desirable that even the generally neglected breed should have its admirers—no one knows how soon it may come into fashion again.

## ON THE GREEN.

NOW that we have done with international matches, amateur championships, and the rest, the professionals are beginning to make their golf interesting. The Open Championship is the next event of big import, and the professionals are more likely to be on top in that than any amateur. Taylor, Braid, and Vardon all seem to be playing just as ever they did; but the feature of recent professional golf certainly has been a reassertion by Herd that he is a quantity that none of them can afford to neglect. A wild and wicked wag at Hoylake, watching the match in which Mr. Fry defeated Mr. Hilton, suggested the title for an article to be written by Mr. Fry, "Is Mr. Hilton a First-class Golfer?" Another capped this with the suggestion of "The Decline of Mr. Hilton," by A. Herd. Mr. Hilton has had, and will have again, triumphs of so great glory that he can afford to stand some gentle persiflage of this kind over his late, and no doubt merely temporary, loss of form. The instructed golfer will not need to be informed that the point of these suggested titles lies in the contents of certain remarks made in print by Mr. Hilton a year or so ago. Mr. Hilton was second in the Whitsun meeting at Hoylake to that most persistent medal-winner of the Royal Liverpool Club, Mr. J. Graham.



Copyright

COTSWOLD RAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Seventy-seven was Mr. Graham's winning score—and a good score, too—and Mr. Hilton's 80 shows that if he is not at his best he is not so very bad. Mr. Ball was a stroke more. One report gives Mr. Dun-Cross as the second medal winner's name; but the fact is, more probably, that Mr. Hilton was second, and so won the "Dun Cross," an emblem or medal that goes to the second lowest scorer. But some golf reporters are wild wags. Lately they had something about the Versailles Golf Club, in which they said that the French golfer of Versailles spoke always of driving as *lancer* the ball, and of putts as *coups roulés*. No doubt for a written translation some such words may serve, but I have played on the Versailles green—with Frenchmen too—and did not hear them. The French show a scrupulous attention to the correct technical terms of the game.

Herd has played well more than once, but at Bushey Kinnell played better than Herd. He beat the latter badly, and he very nearly beat Braid, who already had beaten Vardon. Braid only just beat Vardon, and the match between him and Kinnell was halved. It was not till they had played the twentieth hole that the champion was victor. Kinnell is a really terrible putter when in form—the most terrible alive—and in this Bushey meeting he seems to have shown an unusual length of drive. Now the Open Championship is played at Hoylake this year, where also the amateur meeting was held. It is a course on which good putting tells perhaps more than on any other of the championship courses; that being so, and Kinnell so good a putter, he is extremely likely, with all the confidence that this recent fine performance must give him, to do better than he yet has done in this biggest event.

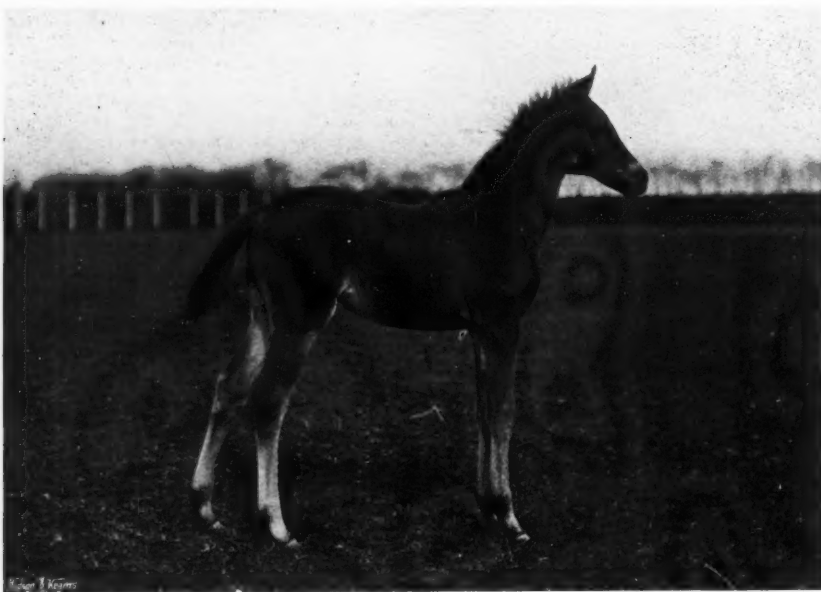
The Ladies' Championship shows a bigger entry than ever before, and there are more ladies of Scotland than have hitherto deigned to take part in it. But some very notable names are wanting still.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

## RACING NOTES.

**A** DULLER meeting than the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket this year I do not remember. Cold and wet were its predominant features, though during the actual hours of racing we were favoured with occasional glimpses of the sun. One of the main charms of Newmarket is the chance of seeing horses at work in the morning, and when fine the numbers of those who enjoy an early morning stroll on the Bury Hills, the Limekilns, or on the race-course side, is very great, but last week there was nothing to tempt one out. Dull lowering clouds, with a deluge of rain at intervals, prompt one rather to stay in bed than to sally forth in search of information and an appetite for those wonderful sausages which always form part of a Newmarket breakfast. Few beyond those whose duty called on them to do so were to be found on the Heath. The attendance at the racing was not large, though the King was there to the end, and watched the sport with great interest. After the conclusion of the racing on the second day he drove over to Egerton House and inspected his horses in training there. Two of the King's two year olds were seen out during the week, and though neither of them was successful, they showed promise for the future. Among the youngsters growing up at Sandringham, destined one day to carry the Royal colours, is a particularly charming colt by Persimmon out of that choice mare Laodamia, a photograph of which we reproduce. He bids fair to be a worthy descendant of his great sire, whose size, bone, and power he evidently inherits, while his head and ears show clearly the blood of his grandsire St. Simon.

The principal event of the week was the Newmarket Stakes, and its result was in some ways most unsatisfactory. The finish was confined to Ard Patrick and Fowling Piece. The former was swerving all over the course, and showed no relish at all for a close finish. Even in the hands of such a master as M. Cannon it was impossible to keep him straight, and his rider had the mortification of being disqualified for the first time in his long career for boring. The stewards' decision was only arrived at after a long discussion. There could be no manner of doubt that while Cannon made every effort to straighten his horse, Fowling Piece was interfered with. Everyone was glad that the stewards were able to exonerate Cannon from the charge of improperly using his whip. The result does not speak well for Ard Patrick's chance in the Derby, neither does it appear to justify any pretensions on the part of Fowling Piece.



W. A. Roux.

COLT BY PERSIMMON—LAODAMIA.

Copyright—"C.L."

so long as Sceptre keeps fit and well. Minstead was a great disappointment to those who fancied his chance, and he certainly does not look like getting a mile and a-half under pressure. Fillies are uncertain creatures in the spring of the year, but if ever the Derby looked a certainty for any animal, it is for Sceptre. With Sceptre out of the way it might be anybody's race.

Under all the circumstances the odds of 3 to 1 which the ring laid against Pistol in the Payne Stakes were most liberal, and he landed the money for his backers in the easiest possible style. St. Uncomber ran well for a considerable distance, but Pistol disposed of her at once when he was asked to come out and win his race.

We were introduced to a number of nice two year olds during the week. Gourgaud was a very strong tip for the Maiden Two Year Old Race on the strength of his having run second to the Golden Wings colt at the last meeting, but he had to give way to the filly by Westminster out of Firelight, who had the race to herself from the start. Better class was represented in the Spring Two Year Old Race, which fell to the lot of Biddy, after an exciting finish with Alderman and His Majesty's Lady Car. Alderman had run second to the Fledgling colt, and, as I mentioned last week, gave promise of doing better in future, as I feel sure he will, for Biddy can be made out a good bit before the Fledgling colt through her race at the last meeting at Newmarket. Biddy is by St. Angelo out of that useful mare Irish Stew. The excellent form shown by the Irish Stew colt, afterwards called Wild Irishman, as a two year old will be fresh in the memory of many.

Sir James Miller's Rock Sand, by Sainfoin out of Roquebrune, is another two year old which must be borne in mind, for in the Bedford Stakes he beat a nice field, including the Fledgling filly. In the Breeders' Stakes Tippler was a strong favourite; having run well behind Smilax at Epsom he had nothing to fear but Cormac, and he easily disposed of him. Luck continues with Mr. Steddall, and he won a nice handicap by the aid of that useful horse Most Excellent. Short Circuit scored his third consecutive victory, beating Sandpiper II. by a head. This was one of the most exciting finishes of the week, and J. H. Marin rode a very good race on him.

Though the rain spoiled our enjoyment a good deal, one could not grumble at it, for training gallops have been getting dreadfully hard, and a good deal of the work has had to be done on the tan. The number of horses temporarily *hors de combat* by reason of jarred knees and sore shins is probably greater than for some years past. The present wetting will do a great deal of good, and with Epsom and Ascot before us, two courses which so easily dry up, no one could grudge a little temporary inconvenience. Nothing very much was done at the Jockey Club meeting, at which there was a large attendance. The confirmation of the alteration of Rule 77 as to entries by telegram was postponed to the July meeting to allow of the rule being entirely redrafted. Lord Crewe brought on the subject of breeding allowances, and proposed that they should be abolished, and no animal be able to claim an allowance simply because it is the offspring of a sire or mare which has never won a race. There is a good deal to be said in favour of this; some races have such elaborate conditions as to penalties and allowances that they almost partake of the nature of a haphazard handicap. Moreover, these breeding allowances may be said to be a premium on breeding from bad stock, and, as such, to be objectionable. After a discussion in which Lord Falmouth, Mr. Rothschild, and Mr. Rose took part, Lord Crewe agreed to accept an amendment prohibiting the allowances in the case of stallions only who have not won races.

The stewards decided an interesting point about the starting-gate, laying it down that the mere fact of a horse's fractiousness at the post does not create such an emergency as to justify the starter in dispensing with the gate and starting the horses in the old-fashioned way with the flag. This was pretty obvious to most people, but it had not seemed so to one starter recently, and it is well the point was cleared up.

Both at Gatwick and at Haydock Park there was rain, but it was a warm, soft rain, very different from what we shivered in earlier in the week. Sport was only moderate, and the attendance far from good. The chief event at Gatwick was the Alexandra Handicap of 1,000 sovs., for which a good field turned out, including O'Donovan Rossa, Little Eva, Watershed, Melete, Seringapatam, Merry Methodist, and Le Blizon. Backers had plenty of choice, and a lot of horses found supporters, so that 6 to 1 was obtainable about the field. The winner turned up in Prince Soltykoff's Vulpio, who, after giving a lot of trouble at the gate, came to the front at the distance, and although swerving badly won by three lengths from Melete. He is not a nice horse to manage, and gave little Griggs a pretty hard ride.

Odds were laid on Wargrave for the Champney Plate, and were very easily landed by three lengths. Backers were also content to bet 6 to 4 on the Doncaster Belle gelding, but he never looked like winning, for he got the worst of a bad start, and the Irish-bred Caper, by Buckingham out of Capri, won from end to end.

There were two odds-on chances at Haydock Park, but in both instances the favouritism was justified. Caiman had nothing to extend him in the Copeland Plate, and won in comfort, but they are bold bettors who lay odds on him. I doubt if any of those who saw him curl up when called on to finish the other day at Newmarket will be inclined to entrust him with their money again. The Newton Two Year Old Plate resolved itself into a match between Wolfshall and Asperity, and as Robert Sherwood has always expressed great confidence in his horse, in spite of his defeat at Newmarket, it was not to be wondered at that he was heavily backed by the North Countrymen, who saw him win earlier in the season at Liverpool; 5 to 1 on was the measure of their confidence, and it was not misplaced.

The committee of the National Hunt has decided on the licensing of race-course officials, as is done under the Rules of Racing. MENDIP.

## POLO NOTES.

**P**OLO last week was comparatively tame. The defeat of the American team by Rugby in the semi-finals of the Inauguration Cup at Roehampton left two well-known English teams in the final, which should have been brought to a close last

Thursday. Unluckily an accident to Mr. George Miller, in the course of the match of that day, obliged the decision to be postponed. It is greatly to be hoped that Mr. Miller (who will, no doubt, play No. 2 in the first match against the Americans, if all is well) will speedily recover. He is a most important factor in the success of our representatives at Hurlingham on May 31st. No. 2 is a player on whom much depends. He needs both dash and discretion. We have had some capital No. 2 players who had the dash, but few have combined both qualities. One of the strong points of the English team will, no doubt, be Mr. Buckmaster's runs with the ball, and his marvellously successful long shots at goal. Against players like the Americans it may be necessary that both No. 1 and No. 2 of the English team should devote themselves to riding off the No. 3 and No. 4 of the American team in order that Mr. Buckmaster may have a clear course to goal. Now, Mr. Miller is one of the few players who knows exactly what ought to be done; he means to win every game he plays in, great or small; and whether hitting the ball or riding off are the right tactics, he does either with all his might. His play had much to do with the remarkable victory of a team which is believed to be the chosen one of the Hurlingham Committee to defend the cup—Mr. A. Rawlinson, Mr. G. A. Miller, Mr. Walter Buckmaster, and Mr. C. D. Miller—over so strong a combination as the Freebooters—Mr. Walter Jones, Mr. F. M. Freake, Mr. P. W. Nickalls, and Mr. John Watson. Hurlingham actually defeated that team by 10 goals to 4. This would be a large score for a second-class match, and with such players was enormous. It seems that as they are playing now the Americans could hardly hope to beat this team, though, like the Freebooters, or even perhaps to a greater degree, they would certainly make them gallop. With grounds always improving, and ponies more and more handy as their training is looked to each year with increasing care, polo becomes a faster game. This is not a matter which depends entirely on the speed of ponies, for it is clear that that will be the fastest game wherein the ball is struck most often, or at any rate is kept moving with the fewest pauses. The galloping pony that stretches away with the ball, but can neither be turned nor steadied, will cause many misses. In the closing years of the nineties, when the ground was at all soft, it was no uncommon matter to see the whole eight men

gallop past and over the ball, each missing in turn, because the ponies were half out of hand. Nowadays this seldom happens: the ball has little rest, and the ponies are always galloping, until the ball at last gives a welcome rest by going out of bounds. The Social Club's tournament occupied the week ending May 17th at Hurlingham. The Army and Navy Club, with so many of their best playing members still away, were able to make but a poor fight in their tie with the Wellington. The Badminton, drawn with the Orleans, a club which has a good many of the polo players who formerly belonged to the Nimrod, declined the unequal contest. Whites, that had defeated, not without a close struggle, the Turf, had therefore to meet the Orleans in the semi-final. The latter club had Mr. F. Hargreaves, Mr. F. Freake, Mr. Walter Buckmaster, and Mr. T. Goldsmith. Whites were—Lord Shrewsbury, Captain Spender Clay, Captain Godfrey Heseltine, and Captain D. St. G. Daly. The former team disposed of the latter with comparative ease by 7 goals to nil. Ranelagh will have the most interesting tournament this week, for they hold the Hunt Cup matches, finishing with the final on Saturday. On that day the Barn Elms Club promises a ladies' driving competition as well.

County polo is very strong this year. Most of the clubs have already begun to play, and one, Holderness, has had two matches. The first of these was against Liverpool, which they won; the second against the Wirral. This club play on the fine polo ground made some two years ago on the centre of the steeplechase course at Hooton Park. There are very few clubs out of London that have better surroundings than the Wirral. They have, too, a most energetic secretary in Mr. W. A. Ball.

The sides were—Holderness: Messrs J. Holtby, P. Hodgson, J. Stephenson, and F. Hurtle; Wirral: Messrs L. Watson, G. Gordon Lockett, A. Tyrer, and W. Midwood. Mr. Tyrer and Mr. Lockett combined well as No. 2 and No. 3 for Wirral, and the latter is well known for the capital ponies he rides. Mr. Holtby, too, for Holderness played a strong game. He is one of the many good players which county polo has brought out in the last few years. After a sharp tussle, in which the ball was kept running well, the match was won by Wirral by 5 goals to 3. The County Dublin Club, which only opened its ground this season, has secured the most distinguished player, who has come forward to join in the game of late years, in Prince Henry of Prussia. He has already played in two matches on the Carlow Rodd Ground, and, indeed, misses no chance of a members' game or match. He is a hard rider, new to the game of course, but keen and a strong hitter. Will he, I wonder, introduce the game in Berlin? The German officers, who are fine horsemen, ought to take to polo kindly. Three days of polo are to form one of the attractions of the Coronation festivities at Madrid. The Spaniards make fine players, and they won, it may be recollected, the first International cup offered by the Ranelagh Club in 1895. They have, too, the English garrison at Gibraltar to make matches with, and though we do not hear much of Gibraltar polo, it flourishes greatly in the garrison. The fact is that we have our eyes fixed so much on our own famous players and polo grounds that we forget what a widespread game it is becoming. It may be an expensive game in England, but that is due to the fact that our clubs are expensively carried on. The cost of Ranelagh, for example, is something like £20,000 a year. But liberal as the club is to its polo players, the ordinary club luxuries account for the greater part of that sum.

To return to English polo. Catterick Bridge is a club that offers to Yorkshiremen a chance of taking part in the game at a very moderate cost. Middlewood (near Barnsley), another Yorkshire club, have a strong membership, and mean to win the county cup, in which tournament their team have twice worked their way into the semi-finals. Plymouth, a club supported by the Army and Navy, have a strong programme for the season, and a very much improved ground to play on. The new clubs of Worcester Park (Surrey) and Market Harborough have begun the season with good membership. We see that it is not only in London that polo is flourishing, and that this season prospects are better than ever. I quite expect, too, that the new Imperial Yeomanry will take up a game which is in itself a military training very valuable for the horsemanship it teaches, as no other sport, not even hunting, does to men who are to scout far and wide over any country. The light hand and the easy yet firm seat of good polo players are immense advantages to a soldier, as many of us can testify.

X.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SOUTH AFRICAN SURVIVALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose some photographs of animals, taken during a trip to Natal, which may be of sufficient interest to reproduce in your paper. The horses were saved from Long's ill-fated battery of Artillery, and are now doing funeral work in Maritzburg. Curiously enough the larger, old soldier as he is, will not face a traction-engine. The cat, belonging to Mr. Edwardes, proprietor of the Colenso Hotel (who preferred trying to save his dogs and horse by risking successfully a ride through the disturbed country to saving himself alone by armoured train),



was sent by the same train in a mail bag to Durban, until the Colenso district was settled—the companion of his flight, a tame owl, succumbed to the terror of the journey—and is now in his old quarters, the master and terror of the dogs around. The brown pointer, so fond of his work that he will point at anything from a grasshopper upwards, attached himself to the Dublin Fusiliers, and accompanied them during the whole of the terrible battle of Colenso, pointing and ranging the whole time, and escaped unscratched. I need hardly say they, the cat and dog, are made much of, and I heard a very enthusiastic meeting between the pointer, whose name I have forgotten, and an officer who had also been in the battle.—(MRS.) F. E. O. LIVESAY.

[The photograph of the cat was unfortunately not capable of reproduction.—L.D.]

### LONDON TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The judicious planting of ornamental trees, and the preservation of such as have passed the glory of their full strength, have so often been advocated in the pages of your delightful paper that I feel no compunction in asking you to kindly afford me a little space to protest against the wanton destruction of our London trees for no better reason than that a few more people may have an opportunity of seeing the Coronation procession. No doubt it will be a gorgeous spectacle, and every possible facility should be offered to loyal Englishmen to do honour to our gracious King. But there can only be a limited number of trees in this overgrown metropolis of ours, and even these have a hard fight before they are of any great size or beauty. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that for the momentary pleasure of a few eager sightseers some of the most beautiful of them should be permanently injured by the axe and saw of the contractor, who is engaged in erecting tiers of seats along the route of the procession. The King is a great admirer of Nature in all her varied aspects, and I feel sure he would be the last to sanction this piece of vandalism. It is the work of a few minutes only to lop off the finest branches, but long years must elapse before a new tree can take the place of the old one or the disfigured stump regain its original beauty. I fear this letter is too late to prevent the mischief on this occasion, but it may help to put the public on its guard against future attacks on the few trees which remain to beautify our streets and clear our smoke-laden atmosphere.—A LONDONER.

### COLOURED PRIMROSES IN WOODS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me if the beautiful bright shades of coloured primroses which now flourish in our gardens could be planted in woods, and still keep their colours? No doubt the same treatment would apply to the different shades in cowslips and oxlips.—A TOWN BIRD.

[There is no reason why the coloured primroses should not grow in woodlands, but probably the bright shades would not be retained in their fulness as in the richer soil of the garden border, nor probably would the effect prove so good as the clear pale yellow of our native primrose, or the stronger yellow of cowslip and oxlip. Many of the coloured primroses we think would be peculiarly disagreeable in grass, and lose individuality entirely. It is a sort of thing to experiment with, but there are so many bad colours that we regard the planting of them with beautiful effect as almost hopeless. The blue (so called) primroses are best seen in some shady retreat, against, perhaps, moss-covered stones, as they may be seen in the experimental garden of the late Mr. G. C. Wilson at Wisley; but please try and record your experience.—ED.]

### SPRING AND SUMMER POACHING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I hope you will allow me a little space in which to draw attention to the amount of poaching that goes on in the early months of the year. A certain professor, well known in my younger days, used often to give this dry bit of advice, "Always take an umbrella with you if the sun is shining," the inference, of course, being that you were sure to do so in dull weather. In autumn keepers and their masters are keenly alive to the necessity of keeping watch and guard, but in the early months of the year they do not think it necessary to trouble. Yet it often occurs that then the harm is done. There is the fullest opportunity. In the months of May and June I love to spend a great many hours in plantations and about the headlands of fields, and so rare is it to encounter anyone on the growing crops that, according to my belief, a man might walk about there for ever without being found out. The farm people are at their sowing and ploughing and weeding; the gamekeeper and his assistants deep in the mysteries of pheasant rearing; but the loafing rustic, who is the usual criminal, has no scruples whatever about what he may or may not take. That he collects eggs by the great hundred has too often been proved in the police-courts to want further demonstration here. He has no objection to the parent birds themselves,

and will knock over a sitting pheasant or partridge without a moment's hesitation. It will be a pleasant addition to his *pot au feu*. Pre-eminently, too, this is the season for the "turnpike," or wire snare. It is so easy to set it in the young hay or corn crops, and gather in the catch while the long morning shadows still lie on the green fields. Ground game is perhaps the most systematic object of the spring poacher, who, mark you, is seldom one that caters for any but a local market. Seldom, indeed, does he obtain anything like a decent price, except in so far as he may regard a good find in that light. But his reward is no measure of the injury done, since his victims are breeding animals. In his calendar there is no close time. Nor is his taste to be despised. If you like rabbit-pie, the best is made from young, half-grown rabbits, and a tender leveret is eating very superior to that offered by the hare of one season. On the river also the spring poacher's capacity for mischief is unlimited. It is true not many big fish are up, but if he can use the wire snare, now is the time to find trout in the suitable quiescent mood by the cool rushes or under the bank. This art, by the by, is sometimes employed to the advantage of the river. One day last summer I came upon a small farm-boy of twelve or so on the banks of a trout stream. He had the guilty look of one who had been up to mischief, so I took some trouble to ascertain what his precious doings had been, and it ended by his discovering, in a grassy cleft of the bank, seventeen nice jack. I must confess for once to have winked at poaching, and to have bestowed a half-crown on the youth, but at the time we were most anxious to increase the trout, and the number of jack rendered it impossible. But that was done entirely "without prejudice." All the same, I am glad that demon of a boy has gone away; he could have done what he liked with the trout as soon as they were big enough.—W. P.

#### A FINE MASS OF BLOOM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Being a subscriber to COUNTRY LIFE, I am sending you this photograph of *Dendrobium thyrsiflorum*, grown here by my head-gardener, Mr. Adams.



It is the finest mass of bloom I have ever seen of that species.—W. J. STUART, Surrey.

#### PRESERVATION OF BOOKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

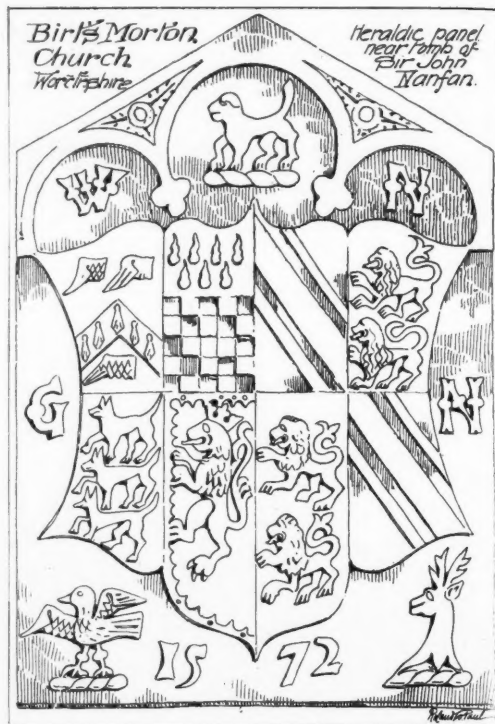
SIR,—The conditions under which your correspondent's leather-bound books have arrived at sticking together must be so peculiar that one hesitates to prescribe. However, in his place, I should clean the surface with a small sponge damped in soapy water, and dry at once by rubbing with a linen rag. Then smear on a little "Universal" Ronuk, easily obtainable from grocers, and rub with the soft part of the hand until the ronuk has almost disappeared. Continue with a clean linen rag until rubbing ceases to soil it, and finish off with a silk handkerchief until all stickiness has disappeared and hard rubbing leaves not the slightest streak, in whatsoever light the book be held. A delightful and lasting polish will result. It saddens a book-lover to think how many good old-calf bindings are perishing for want of similar attention. All leather will dry up and perish if long neglected, and surely books deserve as loving a care as saddles and portmanteau straps. Frequent handling is to some extent a preservative; it is on the shelves that most good bindings come to grief.—H. J. O. WALKER, Leeford, Budleigh, Salterton.

#### BIRTSMORTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In connection with the interesting and beautifully illustrated account of the house and church at Birtsmorton in a recent COUNTRY LIFE, I send you a drawing, made a short time ago, of a panel in Birtsmorton Church, in case you may think it of sufficient interest to publish. It is inserted in the south transept wall over the tomb of Sir John Nanfan, referred to in your article,

and measures 20in. in width and 30in. in height. On the shield appear all the charges except two that occur on the three shields over the fireplace in the "old parlour," which you so well illustrate. The three crests, here put to fill up, with the initials and date, the spaces round the shield, also corresponded with those probably over the shields in the parlour, the stag's head having been formerly on the right-hand helmet. The execution is rough, and the animals almost grotesque; but it has a certain vigour, and, with the tomb of Sir John Nanfan, forms the most interesting point in the church.—ROLAND W. PAUL.



#### THE PEKIN ROBIN.

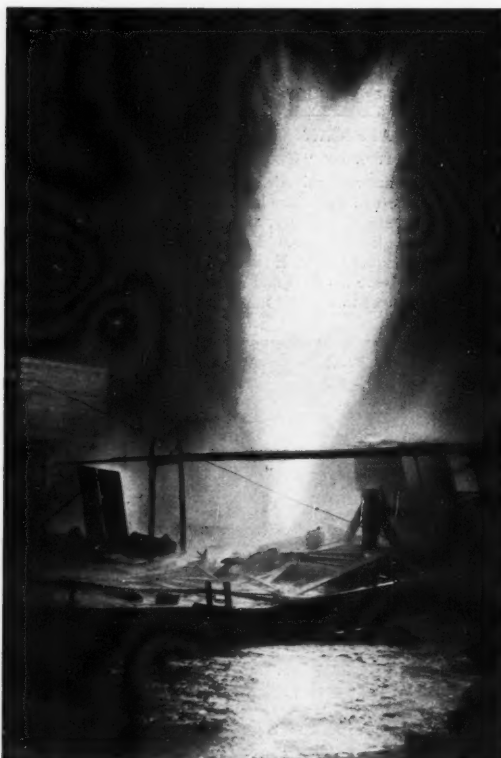
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having for many years kept the Pekin robin or red-billed Liethrix as a cage bird, I would warn anyone who is thinking of acclimatising them that they are great devourers of fruit. Nothing sweet and soft comes amiss to them. As someone remarked to me, "That bird would be a terrible fellow in a strawberry-bed."—E. J. B.

#### AN EXPLOSION OF NATURAL GAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you under another cover a photograph of an interesting event that happened at our saw mill at Sarnia, Ontario, Dominion of Canada, lately. We were drilling for salt, which we expected to reach at about 1,700ft. When at a depth of 275ft. we suddenly struck a very large pocket of natural gas, which broke forth with a tremendous pressure estimated at 1,000lb. to the square inch. A small heating stove was used in the derrick-house, and this ignited the gas and destroyed the derrick-house, giving the fire a free vent. The picture I send you was taken at midnight, and seems to me to be interesting enough to warrant publication in your paper, especially as I understand that natural gas does not exist in En land. The building shown at the left is fifty odd feet high, and it was estimated that the flames extended 150ft. into the air. The pocket died out



and the flames were extinguished in about a week from the explosion. Great difficulty was experienced in keeping the buildings from being destroyed, and the streams from the fire department are shown in the picture. It may be of interest to your readers to know that the logs sawed at this mill are cut from timber lands located 300 miles distant. They are driven down the Spanish river some fifty miles, and there put into immense booms and towed through Lake Huron to the mill.—L. DEES HOLDEN.